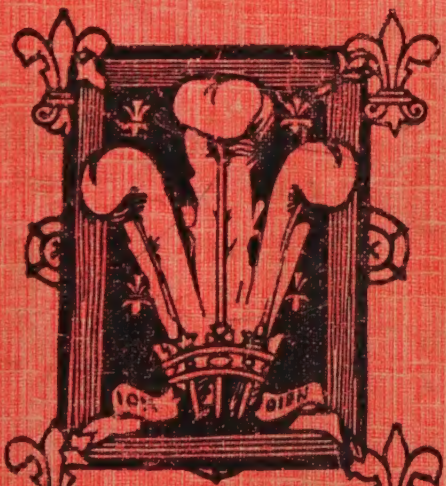
ROYAL PRINCESS READERS



BOOK 4

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A NORWEGIAN GIRL.

See page 142.

ROYAL SCHOOL SERIES

THE ROYAL

Princess Readers

(*Fourth Book*)

THOMAS NELSON AND SONS, Ltd.
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Book IV.

1. THE PRINCESS'S MOTTO.

1. "Oh dear me!" said Isabel, with a yawn. "I'm so tired of lessons! I wish I were a princess, and then I should not be obliged to learn this tiresome stuff."

"If you imagine that princesses are allowed to grow up ignorant and lazy," remarked her mother, "you are very much mistaken. Queen Victoria, for instance, spent a very busy girlhood indeed."

2. "Did she, mother?" said Isabel. "Do tell me all about it."

Isabel shut up her geography book, and sat on a stool by her mother's knee.

"You must know that the little Princess Victoria lost her father, the Duke of Kent, when she was a little mite of four months old. The Duchess of Kent, however, was one of the best of mothers; and she determined to bring up

her little girl to be a good woman, so that she might be a good queen also.

3. "The education of the little princess began almost before she could put her thoughts into words. One day she was learning the alphabet, when she grew impatient at the difficulty of her task.

"'What good this? what good this?' she exclaimed.

"'Mamma can know all that is in the great book on the table, because she knows her letters,' said her mother; 'but her little daughter will never know what is in the book, unless she learns her letters too.'

"'I learn them, I learn them, very quick,' responded the child; and she kept her word.

4. "Until she was twelve years of age, the Princess Victoria did not know that she was one day to be Queen of Great Britain and Ireland. After her twelfth birthday, her mother and her teachers thought she ought to know, so a paper was put into her history book showing that she was the heir to the throne.

5. "Next time the princess opened the book she looked at the paper, and exclaimed, 'I never saw that before.' Her governess replied, 'We did not think it necessary that

"Giving her hand to her governess, she said, 'I will be good.'"

you should.' The princess examined the paper carefully, and then said, timidly and thoughtfully, 'I see I am nearer the throne than I thought.'

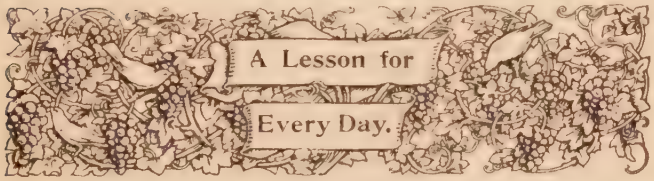
6. "'Now many a child would boast,' she continued; 'but they don't know the difficulty. There is much splendour in being a queen, but there is much care and anxiety too.' Then she was silent for a few moments, and giving her hand to her governess, she said, '*I will be good.* I understand now why you urged me so much to learn my lessons. *I will be good.*'"

"And she has kept her promise
Through all her length of life;
And all her subjects bless her,
Good mother, queen, and wife."

7. "Thank you, mother," said Isabel. "I will try to imitate her. I will go back to my lesson and finish it, and learn to say, like the princess, '*I will be good.*'"

Isabel's mother was greatly pleased. "Do you know why we all loved the Queen so much?" she asked. "Not because she lived in a palace with troops of servants, and was surrounded with pomp and splendour, but because all her life she tried to act up to her motto, 'I will be good.'

8. "Through all her long reign she was noble in thought, word, and deed, and made the welfare of her subjects her first and greatest care. She was the friend of her people. She sorrowed with them in their trials, and rejoiced with them in their triumphs. Her uprightness of life and her tenderness of heart—these were her royal virtues: and if you will try to imitate them, you too will be that best of queens—a Good Woman."



My fairest child, I have no song to give you;
No lark could pipe to skies so dull and grey;
Yet ere we part one lesson I can leave you
For every day:
Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever;
Do noble things, not dream them all day long;
And so make life, death, and that vast Forever
One grand, sweet song.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

2. THE THANKFUL BIRD.

1. Now I, yellowhammer,
   Desire to give praise
   For plentiful orchards
   And sunshiny days:
   The Spring gave me many
   A bud for my bill,
   And sent me a sweetheart
   From over the hill.

2. She lent me a rose-bush
   Along by the quick,
   And there I was minstrel
   To mother and chick;
   The leaves were our shutters,
   The thorns were our bars,
   When nested in blossoms
   We slept under stars.

3. Though winter that changes
   My music and gold
   Is big on the hillside
   And brave on the wold,
   By Mercy remembered,
   By Tenderness fed,
   The hedge is my larder,
   The hip is my bread.

NORMAN GALE: *Songs for Little People.*

3. MY CANADIAN COUSIN'S LETTER.

TORONTO, *August 18, 1900.*

1. MY DEAR NELLIE,—Thank you very much for your nice letter, which I received yesterday, and have already read three times. I was very much interested in your account of the school treat and the prize day. How proud you must have felt when you went up to receive the first prize in your class!

2. You ask me to tell you what a Canadian winter is like, and how we children amuse ourselves during the long frosty months. Father says that in England you sometimes have a winter with only one or two light falls of snow, which is not often more than a foot deep on the ground. Our winter is very different from that.

THE STAMP ON MY COUSIN'S LETTER.

3. Our snow begins to fall about the middle of November, and Canada is soon wrapped in her dazzling winter dress, which she does not change for her mantle of green until April. Sometimes we have twenty and even thirty degrees of frost. We wrap ourselves in fur-lined coats with great fur collars, and wear fur

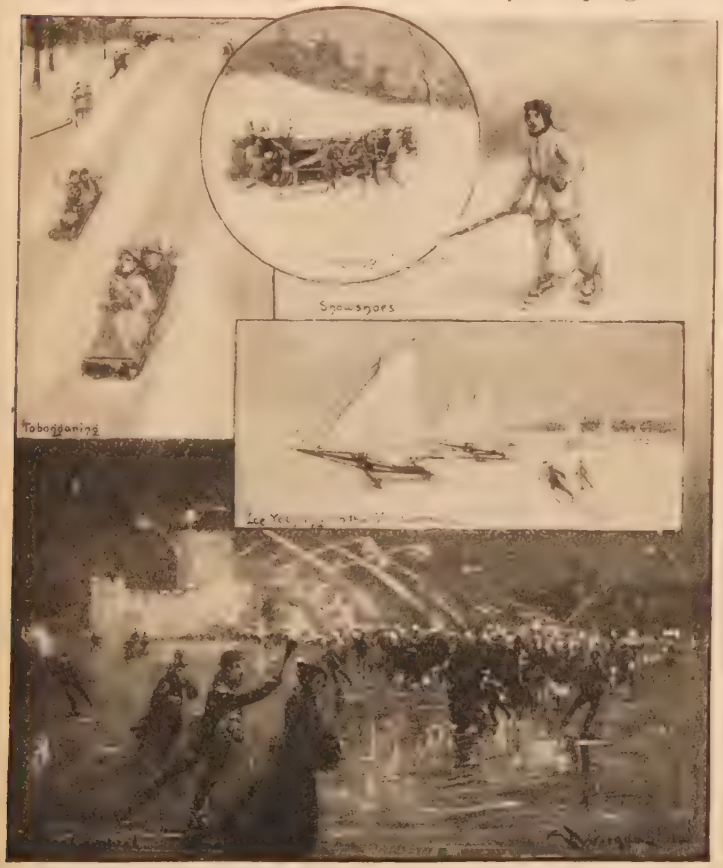
mittens, and fur caps that cover our ears. Thus dressed, we defy the snow and the cold. The snow is sometimes seventeen feet deep—think of that!—and we buy our milk in frozen lumps.

4. In the towns winter alters the whole appearance of the streets. When the snow lies thick on the ground, the wheels are taken off the carriages and omnibuses, which are mounted on runners, which glide silently over the snow. Bells are hung on the necks of the horses, in order that we may hear them coming. Sledging is our chief winter amusement.

5. My little sledge is called a toboggan. Everybody, rich and poor alike, can have a toboggan, for it is only a piece of birch bark curved up in front. There are toboggans long enough to carry five people, but mine only carries little me. Not far from our house there is a steep bank, over which we pour water. The water at once freezes, and thus we have a slide as smooth as glass.

6. I drag my toboggan up the hill to the top. Then I put it on the slide, and lie down on it. A push of my foot sends it off, and away it goes as swiftly as an arrow. Sometimes, when I am not careful, I get upset, but that does not matter a bit. I only tumble into the deep

snow-drifts that border the slide, pick myself up, and climb again to the top, hoping for



better luck next time. Did you ever hear of the Chinaman who was offered a ride on a toboggan? John shook his head, and said,

"No, no! not for me. Me wantee no swish, swish! walkee back a mile!"

7. My brother Rob is very fond of snow-shoeing, and he often goes with his boy friends for a run in the country. A snow-shoe is shaped something like your tennis racket, but it has no handle. Rob's snow-shoes are about three feet long and nine inches broad. Mounted on them, he can travel very quickly across the softest snow without sinking into it. When he goes snow-shoeing, he wears a blanket suit striped with bright colours and a fisherman's woollen cap.

8. Of course, we are all very fond of skating, and we often have sports and dances on the rinks, which are sometimes covered with a roof. Out on the bay there are ice-yachts, which skim along at lightning speed over the glassy surface. Mother will not let me go ice-yachting, for it is a very dangerous amusement.

9. Father says that a few years ago he went to Montreal to see the Ice Palace. Ever so many great blocks of ice were squared and built up into a great castle with towers and gateways. Water was poured over the building, which then became a solid mass, glittering like diamonds in the sunshine.

10. At night a sham attack on the castle took place. The snow-shoe clubs met, and marched towards the ice building, each person carrying a lighted torch. They fired rockets at the castle, and the defenders inside fired rockets back at the attackers. A stream of fireworks rose from within, and coloured lights were burned, until it seemed like fairyland. The attack lasted until the castle yielded, when the victorious army marched in with shouts of triumph.

11. There is much more to tell you, but I see that I have come to the end of my paper. When you hear of our Canadian winter, don't think of us as blue, shivering, unhappy people. We children find winter a splendid time, and I don't think I should like to live in a country where the snow and ice only last for a few weeks.

12. Besides, if it is cold outside, it is very warm and cosy indoors; for we have our rooms, passages, and landings heated with hot-water pipes, and there are double windows that shut out the frosty air. Please don't be sorry for us in winter. I think I am rather sorry for you. Now I must close this letter. We are all very well here. Give my love to uncle and aunt, Robert, Mary, and Amy, and accept the same from your affectionate cousin, DORA.

4. FISHER-FOLKS IN THE NORTH.

1. "The sea's our field of harvest,
Its scaly tribes our grain;
We'll reap the teeming waters
As on land they reap the plain."

2. Thus might the fishermen of the north of Scotland sing during the months of July and August, when they are very busy capturing the shoals of herrings that visit their rocky coasts. This time of the year is the fisherman's harvest, and he depends on the profits of the herring fishery to supply him with the means of living through the stormy winter months.

3. The chief centre of the north of Scotland herring-fishery is the bleak, irregularly-built little town of Wick, in the county of Caithness. In the herring season Wick is a bustling place, and there is plenty of work for all. The men are out at sea catching the herrings, while on shore the cleaning and packing are done by their wives and sisters.

4. In the morning, when the fishing-boats return laden with their silvery loads, the scene in the harbour is lively indeed. The herrings are carried ashore in baskets, and are sold by auction to the fish-curers, who employ women to prepare them for the market. The women

A FISHER GIRL.

generally work in groups of three: two clean the fish, while the third packs them in barrels.

5. The cleaners are very smart at their work, and one swift movement of a sharp little knife is usually enough to "gut" the fish. The herrings are then packed in layers in a barrel, and the packer puts a crust of coarse salt over each layer, so that the fish may be kept good.

6. The women are paid ninepence or tenpence for every barrel they clean and pack. They work from five or six in the morning till the day's catch is packed, and frequently in that time three women will fill sixty barrels. Now for a little problem. Who can tell me how much each woman will earn in a day?

7. After the barrels are packed they are set aside, till the herrings are pressed down by their own weight, and so take up less room. Then more herrings are added, and this is done two or three times, until the barrels can hold no more.

8. Then the fishery officer appointed by the Government comes round, and if he thinks the barrels are properly filled he stamps them, and they are ready for export to foreign countries. All the herrings, however, are not packed in this way; some of them are split and smoked, and become what we call "kippers" or "bloaters."

9. At other seasons, the women have plenty

to do in attending to household duties while their husbands or brothers are away catching haddock or cod. They may often be seen making nets, putting bait on the lines, or helping to land the nets and to spread them out to dry on the shore.

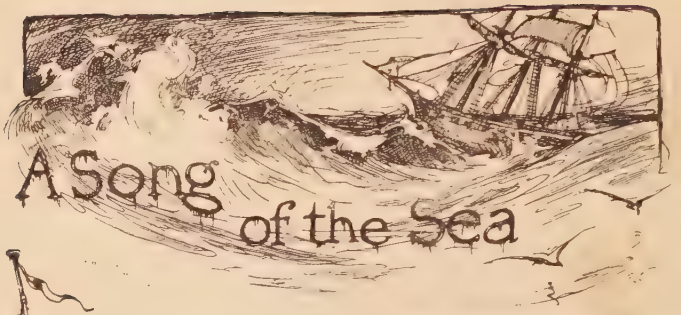
10. Many of the fisher-women take baskets or "creels" on their backs, and go through the neighbouring towns and villages selling the fish. We may easily imagine them singing,—

"Wha'll buy caller herrin'?
They're bonnie fish and halesome farin'.
Buy my caller herrin',
New drawn frae the Forth.

"When ye were sleeping on your pillows,
Dreamt ye aught o' our puir fellows.
Darkling as they face the billows,
A' to fill our woven willows?

"Buy my caller herrin',
They're bonnie fish and halesome farin';
Buy my caller herrin',
New drawn frae the Forth."

11. The life of the fisher-folks is always a hard one, and the women bear their full share of the toil and anxiety. But they do it cheerfully, for they know that, however hard they work, their husbands and brothers work harder still, and face the dangers of the sea as well.



A Song of the Sea

Sing a song of the Sea!
Of the big blue ocean rolling wide,
That laps our land on every side;
Blown high with waves and white with foam,
Our ancient realm, Britannia's home.
Sing a song of the Sea!

Sing a song of the Ships!
Of the stately ships that plough the deep,
And dare the tempest's raging sweep;
Of the liner proud and the white-winged bark,
And the mighty warship grim and stark.
Sing a song of the Ships!

Sing a song of the Men!
Of the noble tars, our sailors bold,
With thews of steel and hearts of gold—
The men who hand and reef and steer,
Who sail the sea and know no fear.
Sing a song of the Men!

Sing a song of the Land!
The land that bred Britannia's sons,
To sail the ships and man the guns;
To keep her strong that she may be
For aye the Mistress of the Sea.
Sing a song of the Land!

EDWARD SHIRLEY.

6. THE MAGIC VIOLETS.—I.

1. Once upon a time, in a great manufacturing city, crowded with hurrying, hard-featured men and women, lived a poor little ragged girl. She had lost her mother when she was quite a baby, and her father was a cruel drunkard, who used to beat her without mercy whenever she came home with her boxes of matches unsold.

2. Often and often she tramped the streets all day and never made a single penny. Then when night came on she was afraid to go home, and would creep under the arches of a great gloomy bridge, to sleep amongst other poor creatures as unfortunate as herself.

3. Most little girls would have been thoroughly miserable under these sad circumstances; but this little girl always tried to be cheerful, and when a bad day came she would say, "Never mind; better luck to-morrow."

4. Well, one of the good fairies noticed the child, and told her sisters of the little girl's brave attempts to be cheerful and contented. When the fairies thought of the number of boys and girls who were peevish and fretful, even though living in happy homes, they decided to reward the child. "She shall have the magic violets," said they, "and Fairy Allegretta shall take them to her."

5. It was a bitter day. A dingy sky spread over the town, and the sleet drove along the streets. People clad in thick outdoor garments hurried by to their cosy rooms and happy firesides, and scarcely anybody spared a glance of pity for our poor little friend, who crouched for shelter in the porch of a large house, and endeavoured to keep her matches dry in the folds of her ragged skirt.

6. She was so cold, so hungry, so friendless; and yet, though her teeth were chattering and her feet were blue with cold, she tried to keep her spirits up by humming a little tune. At last, however, the matches dropped from her little benumbed hands, and she gave a moan of pain. She stooped down to pick them up from the wet steps of the porch, when suddenly she saw a lady, brighter and more beautiful than a dream, standing before her.

7. No one else seemed to see the lady; indeed, one rough man walked right through her, but she didn't seem to mind. She smiled

so sweetly that the tears came to poor little Annie's eyes. I think it was the first time in all her life that any one had ever smiled on her.

8. While Annie was staring at the strange lady, she heard voices like the pealing of silver bells miles and miles away. This is what they sang,—

"For whom do the magic violets bloom?
For those who are cheerful in sorrow and gloom.
What is the boon that the violets bring,
For rich or for poor, for clown or for king?
The mortal who owns them shall never again
Know sickness or sorrow, cold, hunger, or pain."

9. Then the voices died away, the vision of the beautiful lady vanished like a wreath of smoke, and the child found in her hand a bunch of violets. At once she knew that the words of the fairies were true, for a warm glow of happiness spread over her, the sun shone out with a genial, ruddy face, and every passer-by seemed to be smiling at her.

10. She skipped along the street like a fawn, and ever so many people, attracted by her happy smile, stopped to buy her matches and give her money. Two or three persons tried to buy her violets, but she felt she would not part with them for hundreds of pounds.

11. She hugged them to her breast, and then

hid them in her bosom for fear they might be snatched away from her by a rude boy. Before evening she had earned a whole shilling, and that was more money than she had ever had at one time in the whole of her wretched life.

7. THE MAGIC VIOLETS.—II.

1. Annie was not afraid to go home now, and even the miserable cellar in which she lived seemed bright and comfortable. Her father, too, was kinder than usual. He did not hurry away to spend her money in drink, but took her hand in his, and together they went out to buy their evening meal.

2. Oh, how happy she was! Every day she sold her matches; every day her father seemed to grow fonder and fonder of her; every day their home became cleaner and happier; and every day the little girl blessed the good fairies for the magic violets which she preserved so carefully in her bosom.

3. In the next cellar lived two poor girls who made match-boxes for their living. They were so quick and nimble with their fingers, that while you looked at them heaps of boxes seemed to grow beneath their hands. They

worked from early in the morning till late in the evening, but in spite of all their exertions they could scarcely earn enough money to pay for their food and lodging.

4. The younger girl was very pale, and every now and then a fit of coughing seized her, so that she was obliged to stop her work and lie down on the coarse sacking that formed her bed. Every minute so spent meant less money for them when their day's work was done. At last the poor girl was too ill to work at all, and there she lay in the corner moaning with pain.

5. One day little Annie heard her cries, and knocked timidly at the door.

"Come in, Annie," said the elder girl; "perhaps the sight of your happy face will do my sister good."

Annie did her best to soothe the sufferer; but it was of little use, for the poor girl was racked with pain, and was almost at death's door.

6. Oh, how sorry Annie was! She herself was always happy now, and the sight of the poor dying girl smote her heart like a sharp knife. She whispered to herself, "She needs them more than I," and knelt down by the side of the bed.

Then she took out the fairy gift from her bosom. "See," she said to the little sufferer,

"I've brought you a bunch of violets. Hold them in your hand. There, are they not sweet?"

7. Strange to say, the moans and sighs ceased, and a look of joy passed over the face of the sick girl, who sat up and said,—

"O sister, all my pain has gone. I am so much better. I feel so happy, so warm, and well."

You may imagine the joy that filled the elder sister's heart at this glad news. She took her sister up in her arms and cried for very thankfulness.

8. While the sisters were sobbing in one breath and laughing in another, little Annie crept away into the cold, cold streets. She felt weary and hungry as of old, and the world looked just as dark and dreary as it had done before the fairies bestowed the magic violets on her. Suddenly her face brightened, for once more she heard the fairies singing. This is what they sang :—

> "Who shall have the greatest joy,
> A gladness that can never cloy?
> She who denies herself that so
> Another's happiness may grow."

9. Then deep down in her little heart Annie felt a joy fuller and sweeter than she had ever known before. A fountain of peace and contentment seemed to be welling up in her breast, and I am glad to tell you that she never lost that feeling as long as she lived.

10. Whenever she felt that her happiness was waning, she tried to do a good turn to some one in distress, and immediately the fountain swelled up once more in full and blessed measure.

8. WHAT DOES THE BROOK SAY?

What does the brook say, flashing its feet
  Under the lilies' white brimming bowls,
Brightening the shades with its tender song,
  Cheering all drooping and sorrowful souls?
It says not, "Be merry!" but, deep in the wood,
Rings back, "Little maiden, be good, be good!"

What does the wind say, pushing slow sails
Over the great troubled path of the sea,
Whirling the mill on the breezy height,
Shaking the fruit from the orchard tree?
It breathes not, "Be happy!" but sings, loud and long,
"O bright little maiden, be strong, be strong!"

What says the river, gliding along,
To its home on far-off Ocean's breast,
Fretted by rushes, hindered by bars,
Ever weary, but singing of rest?
It says not, "Be bright!" but in whisperings grave,
"Dear little maiden, be patient, be brave!"

What do the stars say, keeping their watch
Over the slumbers the long, lone night,
Never closing their bonnie bright eyes,
Though great storms blind them, and tempests fright?
They say not, "Be splendid!" but write on the blue,
In clear silver letters, "Maiden, be true!"

9. MY FRIEND THE SPIDER.

1. Good-morning! I suppose you think we spiders are nobodies, because we go about quietly minding our own business, neither flaunting in gay colours like Madam Butterfly, nor making noise enough to deafen one, like Mr. Bumble-bee. But I can tell you that we are really very important beings, and that our family is older than the human family, which takes on so many airs, and thinks it no shame to pry into our secrets with its wretched microscopes.

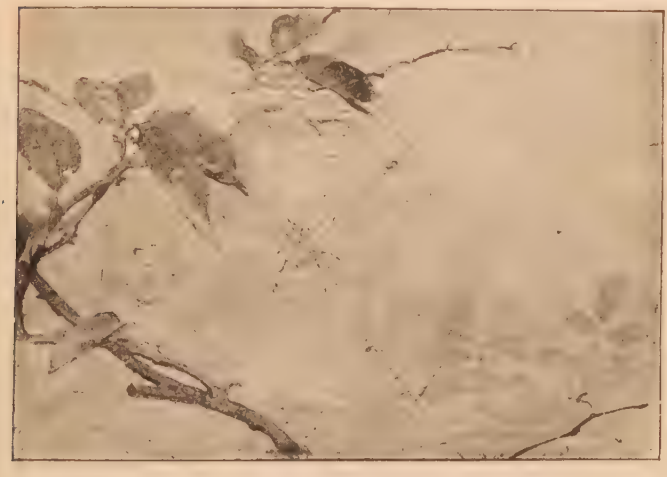
2. We are not only an old family, but an honest and industrious family too, with abilities that many of you cannot help envying. I

could show you some strange things about me if your eyes were not too coarse to see them. There are my spinnerets, for example. With them I can spin out a beautiful silk rope of more than four thousand threads as fast as I need it.

3. Wouldn't you children like to be able to do that? Would it not be grand if you could make a silk string at any moment, just as long as you wished? Then look at my web. I know you do varied occupations in school, and make all sorts of pretty designs in string and paper, and wire and clay. But there is not one of you can make a web like mine, so do not be conceited.

4. How do I make my web? I will try to tell you. Suppose I want to make a web across the corner of this window frame. Well, first I spin a line across the space, and fasten it firmly at both ends. Then I join another line to this first one near the middle, and holding it with one of my hind feet, I carry it to the side, and make it fast an inch or two from one end of the first line. Then I go back to the centre and attach another line, and carry it off and fasten it in another direction; and so on until all the rays or foundation lines of my web are finished.

5. Every now and then I stop at the middle, turn round and pull at the threads one after another to keep them tight, and to make sure that they are securely fixed. I also spin here and there short cross-lines, to hold them more firmly. When the foundation is finished to my satisfaction, I begin at the centre and spin a



spiral line across the rays. In this way I lay down a spiral scaffolding, which supports me while I spin closer and closer spirals until the whole web is covered.

6. I take very good care, I can assure you, to spin beforehand a thread from the centre of the web to my nest, which I usually make in a hole or crack near by. I keep my foot on the

thread when I am in my nest, and if anything is caught in the web, my little telegraph line tells me at once. Then I hurry down to the centre of the web, feel the rays to discover the whereabouts of the intruder, and slide out and make a meal of him.

7. I am not a boastful person; but if you know of any home more graceful or more elegant than mine, I should like to hear about it. Some of my family live in a sort of tent made of a leaf lined with silk; others build cradles shaped like tiny bells, and hang them from leaves, where they rock with every wind; while other spiders build hanging houses. All our residences are lined with silk, and wherever we live, we must have silk curtains to our doors.

8. I could go on telling you about my relatives for another hour or two; but I observe that there is a fly on my web, and really I feel that it is about dinner-time. I should like to tell you of an Australian relative of mine who lives in a house with a trap-door, and of my sailor-cousin who floats about on a raft made o leaves and sticks. They are most interesting creatures, and their habits are really very strange. But I must be off. Business before conversation, you know. Good-day!

10. THE DAY OF SCRAPES.—I.

1. One morning Katie was late. She could not find her reading book, her slate was missing, and the string was off her sun-bonnet. She ran about, searching for these articles and banging doors, till Aunt Lizzie was out of patience.

2. "As for your book," she said, "if it is that very dirty book with only one cover, and scribbled all over the leaves, you will find it under the kitchen table. How you manage to spoil your school books in this manner, Katie, I cannot imagine. I do wish you would think what books cost!

3. "About the slate," she went on, "I know nothing; but here is the bonnet-string," taking it out of her pocket.

"Oh, thank you!" said Katie, hastily sticking it on with a pin.

"Katie Carr!" almost screamed Aunt Lizzie, "what *are* you about? *Pinning* on your bonnet-string! I wonder what shiftless thing you'll do next? Now stand still, and don't fidget! You shan't stir till I have sewed it on properly."

4. Of course Katie was late at school; and a day begun in this manner is pretty sure to end badly, as most of us know. All the morning

through things seemed to go wrong. She lost her place in the class, and her composition was so badly written that Mrs. Knight said it must be done all over again. Katie had a black mark against her name before the morning was over, and she was in a thoroughly bad temper.

5. A good many of the scholars lived too far from school to go home at noon, and were in the habit of bringing their lunch in baskets and staying all day. Katie and Clover were of this number. This noon, after the dinners were eaten, it was proposed that they should play something in the schoolroom, and Katie invented a new game, which she called the Game of Rivers.

6. It was played in the following manner :— Each girl took the name of a river, and laid out for herself an appointed path through the room, winding among the desks and benches, and making a low, roaring sound, to imitate the noise of water.

7. Sissy was the Thames ; Marianne Brooks, a tall girl, was the Severn ; Alice Blair was the Ouse ; Clover, the Trent ; and so on. They were instructed to run into each other every now and then, because, as Katie said, "rivers do." As for Katie herself, she was "Father Ocean," and growling horribly, she raged up

and down the platform where Mrs. Knight usually sat.

8. Suddenly, when the others were at the far end of the room, she would cry out, "Now for a meeting of the waters!" whereupon all the rivers, bouncing, bounding, scrambling, screaming, would turn and run towards Father Ocean; while he roared louder than all of them put together, and made short rushes up and down, to represent the movement of waves on a beach.

9. Such a noise as this beautiful game made was never heard in the town of Burnet before or since. It was like the bellowing of bulls, the squeaking of pigs, the gobbling of turkey-cocks, and the laugh of wild hyenas all at once; and, in addition, there was a great banging of furniture and scraping of many feet on the uncarpeted floor. People going by stopped and stared, children cried with fright, and an old lady asked why some one didn't run for a policeman.

10. Mrs. Knight coming back from dinner, was much amazed to see a crowd of people collected in front of her school. She quickened her steps, for she thought that at least the place was on fire. But as she drew near the sounds reached her; and then she became really frightened, for she thought somebody was being murdered on her premises.

II. THE DAY OF SCRAPES.—II.

1. Hurrying in, Mrs. Knight threw open the door, and there, to her dismay, was the whole room in a frightful state of confusion and uproar: chairs flung down, desks upset, ink streaming on the floor; while in the midst of the ruin the frantic rivers raced and screamed, and old Father Ocean, with a face as red as fire, capered like a lunatic on the platform.

2. "What *does* this mean?" gasped poor Mrs. Knight, almost unable to speak.

At the sound of her voice the rivers stood still; Father Ocean brought his prancing to a sudden close, and slunk down from the platform. In a moment each girl seemed to realize what a condition the room was in, and what a horrible thing she had done.

3. The timid ones cowered behind their desks, the bold ones tried to look unconscious, and, to make matters worse, the scholars who had gone home to dinner began to return, staring at the scene of disaster, and asking in whispers what had been going on.

4. Mrs. Knight rang the bell. When the girls were in order, she had the desks and chairs picked up, while she herself brought wet cloths to sop the ink from the floor. This was

done in deep silence; and while it was being done, Mrs. Knight's face was so solemn that a damp fell upon the spirits of the guilty rivers, and Father Ocean wished himself thousands of miles away.

5. When the girls had taken their seats, Mrs.

Knight made a short speech. She said she had never been so shocked in her life; she had supposed that she could trust them to behave like ladies when her back was turned. The idea that they could act so disgracefully, and make such an uproar, had never occurred to her, and she was deeply pained.

6. Mrs. Knight hoped they were sorry; she thought they must be—sorry and ashamed. Of course, they would have to suffer some punishment for the offence, but she should have to reflect before telling them what it would be. Meantime she wanted them all to think it over; and if any one felt that she was more to blame than the others, now was the moment to rise and confess it.

7. Katie's heart gave a great thump, but she rose bravely. "I made up the game, and I was Father Ocean," she said to the astonished Mrs. Knight, who glared at her for a minute, and then replied solemnly, "Very well, Katie —sit down;" which Katie did, feeling more ashamed than ever, but somehow relieved in her mind. There is something about telling the truth which helps truth-tellers through the worst of their troubles, and Katie found this out now.

8. The afternoon was long and hard. Mrs. Knight did not even smile once; the lessons dragged; and Katie, after the heat and excitement of the forenoon, began to feel miserable. She had received more than one hard blow during the meetings of the waters, and had bruised herself, almost without knowing it, against the desks and chairs. All the bruised

places now began to ache, her head throbbed so that she could hardly see, and a lump of something heavy seemed to be lying on her heart.

9. When school was over, Mrs. Knight rose and said, "The girls who took part in the

"Mrs. Knight rose."

game this afternoon are requested to remain." All the others went away, and shut the door behind them. It was a horrible moment; the girls never forgot it, or the hopeless sound of the door as the last departing scholar shut it after her.

10. I can't begin to tell you what it was that

Mrs. Knight said to the culprits: it was very affecting, and before long most of the girls began to cry. The penalty for their offence was announced to be their loss of holidays for three weeks; but that wasn't half so bad as seeing Mrs. Knight so upset, as Sissy told her mother afterwards.

12. THE DAY OF SCRAPES.—III.

1. One by one the sobbing sinners departed from the schoolroom. When most of them were gone, Mrs. Knight called Katie up to the platform, and said a few words to her specially. She was not really severe, but Katie was too penitent and worn out to bear much, and before long was weeping like a waterspout on the ocean she had pretended to be.

2. At this, tender-hearted Mrs. Knight was so much affected that she let her off at once, and even kissed her in token of forgiveness, which made poor Ocean sob harder than ever. All the way home she sobbed. Faithful little Clover, who ran along by her side, was in great distress. She continually begged Katie to stop crying, and all the while she was trying in vain

to hold up the remnants of her dress, which was torn in at least a dozen places.

3. Katie could not stop crying, and it was fortunate that Aunt Lizzie happened to be out, and that the only person who saw her in this piteous plight was Mary the nurse, who doted on the children, and was always ready to help them out of their troubles.

4. On this occasion she petted Katie, took her on her lap, bathed the hot head, brushed the hair, put arnica on the bruises, and produced a clean frock, so that by tea-time the poor child, except for her red eyes, looked like herself again, and Aunt Lizzie didn't notice anything unusual.

5. For a wonder Dr. Carr was at home that evening. He was a very busy man, and it was not often that he had an evening to spare. It was always a great treat to the children when this happened, and Katie thought herself happy when, after the little ones had gone to bed, she got papa to herself and told him the whole story.

6. "Papa," she said, sitting on his knee, which, big girl as she was, she liked very much to do, "what is the reason that some days are so lucky and other days so unlucky? Now, to-day began all wrong, and everything

that happened in it was wrong; and on other days I begin right, and all goes right straight through.

7. "If Aunt Lizzie hadn't kept me in the morning, I shouldn't have lost my mark, and then I shouldn't have been cross, and then

perhaps I shouldn't have got into my other scrapes."

"But what made Aunt Lizzie keep you, Katie?"

"To sew on the string of my bonnet, papa."

8. "But how did it happen that the string was off?"

"Well," said Katie reluctantly, "I am afraid

that was *my* fault; for it came off on Tuesday, and I didn't fasten it on."

9. "So you see we must go further back than Aunt Lizzie for the beginning of this unlucky day of yours, my child. Did you ever hear the old saying about 'For the want of a nail the shoe was lost'?"

"No, never; please tell it to me!" cried Katie, who loved stories just as much as when she was three years old.

10. So Dr. Carr repeated,—

"For the want of a nail the shoe was lost,
For the want of a shoe the horse was lost,
For the want of a horse the rider was lost,
For the want of the rider the battle was lost,
For the want of the battle the kingdom was lost,—
And all for want of a horse-shoe nail."

11. "O papa," exclaimed Katie, giving him a great hug as she got off his knee, "I see what you mean! Who would have thought such a little speck of a thing as not sewing on my string could make a difference? But I don't believe I shall get into any more scrapes, for I shan't ever forget—

'For the want of a nail the shoe was lost.'"

From "What Katie Did," by Susan Coolidge.
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THE WIVES OF BRIXHAM

1. You see the gentle water,
   How silently it floats,
   How cautiously, how steadily
   It moves the sleepy boats;
   And all the little loops of pearl
   It strews along the sand
   Steal out as leisurely as leaves
   When summer is at hand.

2. But you know it can be angry,
   And thunder from its rest,
   When the stormy taunts of winter
   Are flying at its breast;
   And if you like to listen,
   And draw your chairs around,
   I'll tell you what it did one night
   When you were sleeping sound.

3. The merry boats of Brixham
   Go out to search the seas—
   A stanch and sturdy fleet are they,
   Who love a swinging breeze;
   And before the woods of Devon
   And the silver cliffs of Wales
   You may see, when summer evenings fall,
   The light upon their sails.

4. But when the year grows darker,
And grey winds hunt the foam,
They go back to little Brixham,
And ply their toils at home.
And thus it chanced one winter's day,
When a storm began to roar,
That all the men were out at sea,
And all the wives on shore.

5. Then, as the wind grew fiercer,
The women's cheeks grew white;
It was fiercer in the twilight,
And fiercest in the night.
The strong clouds set themselves like ice,
Without a star to melt;
The blackness of the darkness
Was something to be felt.

6. The storm, like an assassin,
Went on its secret way,
And struck a hundred boats adrift,
To reel about the bay.
They meet, they crash—God keep the men!
God give a moment's light!
There is nothing but the tumult,
And the tempest, and the night.

14. THE WIVES OF BRIXHAM.—II.

1. And all on shore were anxious,
They grieved for what they knew;
What do you think the women did?
Love taught them what to do.
Out spoke a wife: "We've beds at home;
We'll burn them for a light!
Give us the men and the bare ground;
We want no more to-night."

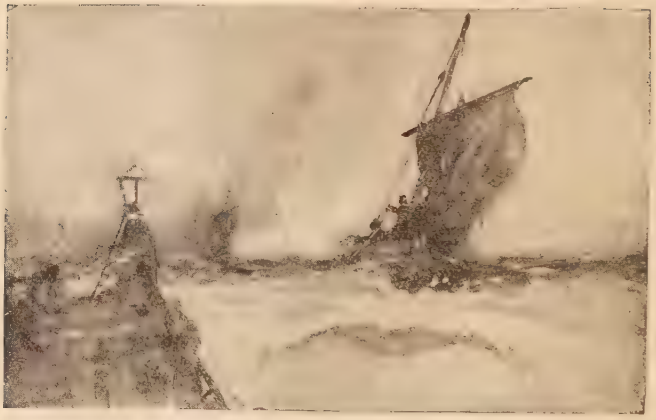
2. They took the grandam's blanket,
Who shivered, but bade them go;
They took the baby's pillow,
Who could not say them no;
And they heaped a great fire on the pier,
And knew not all the while
If they were heaping a bonfire
Or only a funeral pile.

3. And, fed with precious food, the flame
Shone bravely on the black,
Till a cry rang through the people,
"A boat is coming back!"
Staggering dimly through the fog,
They see, and then they doubt;
But when the first prow strikes the pier,
Out bursts a joyful shout.

4. Then all along the breadth of flame
Dark figures shrieked and ran,
With, "Child, here comes your father!"
Or, "Wife, is this your man?"
And faint feet touch the welcome shore,
And stay a little while;
And kisses drop from frozen lips,
Too tired to speak or smile.

5. So one by one they struggled in,
All that the sea could spare:
We will not reckon through our tears
The names that were not there;
But some went home, without a bed,
When all the tale is told,
Who were too cold with sorrow
To know the night was cold.

6. And this is what the men must do
Who work in wind and foam,



And this is what the women bear
  Who watch for them at home.
So when you see a Brixham boat
  Go out to face the gales,
Think of the love that travels
  Like light upon her sails.

M. B. S.

ALL'S RIGHT WITH THE WORLD

The year's at the Spring,
  And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
  The hillside's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
  The snail's on the thorn;
God's in His heaven—
  All's right with the world.

Robert Browning.

15. THAT DREADFUL DOG.

1. Our dog was dead. We had loved him very, *very* dearly, for he was almost a person, and quite a friend. We missed him terribly. We never went out of doors without a sigh; we never came in without a deeper one. Our hearts ached for the dear, faithful creature, and we were certain that there never had been so good or clever or handsome a dog as he. All other dogs seemed ugly and common to us when we thought of him.

2. My sister and I were making a long stay in the country. One autumn afternoon we were walking quietly along a lane strewn with fallen leaves, when suddenly from behind came a sound which made us start and look at each other. It was like the rush and whirl with which dear old Rover used to come tearing after us in the garden at home.

3. We stood still, and soon the sound was explained. The very ugliest dog I ever saw was bounding towards us. He was a horrid, unkempt, ungainly creature, with lanky, ill-shapen legs—a very wretch of a dog. Before we had time to speak, he was leaping up and pawing us with every sign of delight.

4. "Oh, the horrid creature!" I cried.

"'*O Fido, my beauty!*' *she cried.* '*Where have you been?*'"

"Drive him away, Margie; drive him away —do!" Margie did her best, and I helped her; but it was of no use. He would not leave us, and the more angry we grew with him the more friendly he became. At last, in despair, we hurried on as fast as we could, and pretended to take no notice of him.

5. This seemed to satisfy him, for he followed us quietly. While we were wondering how to rid ourselves of the dreadful object, something attracted his attention, and he lingered behind. Now was our time. We ran into the garden of a farmhouse and hid ourselves behind some shrubs. Presently he trotted off, and with light hearts we continued our walk.

6. The sunset promised to be beautiful, so we climbed the grassy hillside, expecting to have a lovely view from the top. When we arrived there, what do you think we saw? Why, that black creature again. We were so angry that we gave up all thought of the sunset, and set off towards home, with the dog following close behind.

7. Just as we began to come in sight of our house, Margie stopped short and said, "We must arrange what we are going to do. If he once finds which is our house, we shall never get rid of him." We stood still and considered

the matter. Just in front of us was a small quarry, with a little wooden hut. The door was open, and the hut was empty. "We'll put him in there," I said, "and then we can close the door and put a heavy stone against it."

8. Well, we coaxed him into the hut, and I gave him a stale bun that I had brought with me to feed the geese in the village pond. Then we closed the door firmly with a heavy stone, and ran most of the way home. As we drew near to the gate we heard a pattering behind us. We turned round, and there was the dog again, just as cheerful as ever.

9. We tried hard to drive him away, but he wouldn't go, so we shut the door in his face and tried to forget him. It turned out a miserable evening, cold and rainy, and during tea we heard the dog scratching on the door.

"I'm afraid there is no help for it," said Margie; "we must let him come in, just for to-night. We mustn't be cruel, even to that poor wretch." I agreed, and the creature was taken in and fed.

10. Next day he followed us everywhere, and *would* not be lost. We felt that every one was laughing at us for possessing such a creature, so we took our walks as far from the village as possible. In the afternoon we set off to-

wards the little market town, two or three miles away.

11. When we were only a short distance from the town a dogcart passed us, and in it was a farmer with his daughter, a rosy-cheeked girl of twelve years of age. Suddenly we heard a cry, and the cart stopped. The girl scrambled down, and in a moment was on her knees hugging that dreadful dog.

12. "Oh, please, miss," said the child breathlessly, "it's my Fido.—O Fido, my beauty!" she cried. "Where have you been? and how dirty you are!" Then she turned to me with tears in her eyes. "O miss, he is really mine! May I have him back?"

"By all means!" we cried together. "Take him, my dear, at once; we don't want him."

13. "He must have taken you two young ladies for sister and me," she explained. "Oh, I don't know how to thank you! He has been away four whole days, and he *is* dirty!"

Margie and I went home with a light heart. One thing puzzled us, and that was, how the girl could think Fido a beauty. "I suppose you always think your own dog the best," said Margie, "because he is yours and you love him." I daresay that is the reason.

Adapted from "The Children's Hour," by MRS. MOLESWORTH.

16. BRAVE WOMEN.

1. I once heard a thoughtless boy say, "Oh, girls have no pluck; they are afraid of mice!" Well, perhaps there are girls who are timid and shrinking, just as there are boys who are neither strong, nor brave, nor true. But we must never imagine that courage is a virtue belonging to men alone. Some of the noblest deeds of bravery and endurance have been done by women.

2. At the time of Queen Victoria's Jubilee a Women's Roll of Honour was drawn up. It contained the names of no less than five hundred and eighteen women and girls who had received medals and certificates for their noble efforts in saving life during her reign. Let me tell you the story of two of the heroines whose names are on the Women's Roll of Honour.

3. One afternoon, in May 1890, a little girl named Lily Coleman was playing near a well in her mother's yard at Crowborough, in Sussex. Suddenly, with a piercing scream, she fell over the edge into the deep hole. Startled by the scream, the girl's mother, and a neighbour named Mrs. Pumphrey, hastened out of their houses and rushed to the brink of the well.

4. With hardly a moment's delay, Mrs. Pumphrey offered to go to the rescue of the child. Calm and cool, as though going about her ordinary household duties, she stepped into the frail bucket, and was lowered thirty or forty feet to the surface of the water. Leaning out of the bucket, the heroic woman grasped the half-drowned child; but no sooner had she done this than the bucket overturned, leaving her hanging from the chain, but still grasping her precious burden.

5. Several minutes went by, but Mrs. Pumphrey still held on, though she was but a weak, fragile woman. At length a boy of fifteen was let down by a rope, and he took the child from her rescuer's grasp. Then our heroine placed one foot in the bucket again, and signalled that she was ready to ascend.

6. During the ascent she suddenly fainted, and, loosening her hold, fell again into the water. Happily her foot caught in the chain, and the cold water restored her to her senses. She struggled into the bucket once more, and was then drawn to the surface, safe and sound, though in a very exhausted state.

7. In the month of January 1895, several of the girls of St. Mary's School, Shrewsbury, were sliding on the canal. One little girl of

twelve, named Hannah Merrifield, shot away from her companions into the middle of the ice. Suddenly it gave way, and with a loud cry for help the poor girl disappeared beneath the ice-cold water.

8. Alice White, a pupil teacher, sixteen years of age, was walking on the towing-path when

the accident happened. Without waiting a moment, she slid down on to the ice, and glided away towards the hole. Then she lay flat down on the rotten ice, and as the drowning child reappeared on the surface, seized her. The next instant, however, the ice gave way in

all directions, and Miss White found herself plunged in the water.

9. The people on the bank shouted to the pupil teacher to leave the child to her fate and save herself. But Miss White did not think of her own safety. Still holding the child, she turned towards the bank, and fought her way through the ice, until, bleeding and bruised, she reached the side, when willing hands drew rescuer and rescued into safety.

10. It may not be given to you to do a noble deed like that, but you can still be a heroine; for, after all, heroism is only doing one's duty, no matter what the cost may be. Do your duty; do it with all your might, thinking not of yourself, but of others, and facing bravely every obstacle in your way; and then you will be a heroine, and worthy of a place on the Women's Roll of Honour.

11. Never think our common day life
Has no tales of heroes too;
Not the garish deeds of daring,
Clarion-rung the wide world through,
But the homely acts of Duty,
Done no matter what befall.
They who do, and doing suffer
For the Right, are heroes all.

17. THE SOWER.

1. The apples redden in the sun,
   In autumn gold the beeches stand;
   Rest, faithful plough! thy work is done
   Upon the teeming land.
   Bordered with trees whose gay leaves fly
   On every breath that sweeps the sky,
   The fresh, dark acres furrowed lie,
   And ask the sower's hand.

2. Loose the tired steer, and let him go
   To pasture where the cowslips blow;
   And we who till the faithful ground,
   Fling we the golden shower around.

Fling wide the generous grain; we fling
O'er the dark mould the green of spring:
For thick the emerald blades shall grow
When first the winds shall melt the snow,
And to the sleeping flowers below
Returning birds shall sing.

3. Fling wide the grain; we give the fields
The ears that nod in summer gale,
The shining stems that summer gilds,
The harvest that o'erflows the vale,
And swells, an amber sea, between
The full-leaved woods—its shores of green.

4. Hark! from the murmuring clods I hear
Glad voices of the coming year—
The song of him who binds the grain,
The shout of those that load the wain,
And from the distant grange there comes
The clatter of the thresher's flail,
And steadily the millstone hums
Down in the willowy vale.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

18. THE LARK'S SONG.

[The following extract shows how the hearts of a number of wild, rough gold-seekers in a remote part of Australia were touched by hearing the song of an English lark.]

1. "Tom, I invite you to take a walk."

"Ay, ay!" said Tom.

The men set out. It was the month of January: a blazing hot day was beginning to glow through the freshness of morning; the sky was an expanse of pure blue, and the soft Australian air crept slowly up and just moved the trembling leaves.

2. The friends strode briskly on, and a little after eleven o'clock they came upon the small house and premises of a squatter.

"Here we are," cried George, and his eyes glittered with delight.

The house was thatched and whitewashed, and English was written on it and on every foot of ground round it. They passed to the back of the house, and there they saw on the oval grass plot and gravel walk some thirty or forty rough fellows, most of them diggers.

3. "Now, Tom, come this way," said George. "Here it is—here it is—there!"

Tom looked up, and in a cage was a light-brown bird. Near the cage stood the woman who owned the little creature.

"'Hold your cackle,' cried one of the diggers; 'the lark is going to sing.'"

"Is it this we came twelve miles to see?" he asked, in a disgusted tone.

"Ay! and twice twelve wouldn't have been too much for me," replied his friend.

4. "Hold your cackle," cried one of the diggers; "the lark is going to sing." The whole party turned their eyes in expectation towards the bird.

Like most singers, he kept them waiting a little; but at last, just at noon, the little feathered exile began to tune his pipes.

5. And then the same sun that had warmed his little heart at home came glowing down on him here, and he gave music back for it more and more, till at last, amidst the breathless silence of the rough diggers hanging on his voice, out burst in that distant land his English song.

6. It swelled his little throat, and gushed from him with thrilling force and plenty; and every time he checked it to think of the green meadows, the quiet stealing streams, the clover he first soared from, and the English spring, a loud sigh broke from many a rough bosom. When he swelled into song again, shaggy lips trembled, and more than one tear trickled down bronzed and rugged cheeks. *Home, sweet home!*

7. These rough men, full of wickedness, had once been fair-haired boys, and had strolled about the English fields with their little sisters and little brothers, and had seen the lark rise, and had heard him sing this very song. For a moment or two their years of wrongdoing rolled away from their memories like a dark cloud, and the past shone out in the glory of the song.

8. The faded pictures of bygone days came back to them. They saw the cottage, the old mother's tears, and heard the simple chimes of the village church. Many a hard, rough fellow lived again in the sweet hours of youth and innocence and home.

9. "What will you take for him, mistress?" asked one. "I will give you five pounds for him."

"No, no!" she said; "I won't take five pounds for my bird."

"Of course she won't," cried another.—"Here, missis, I'll give you thirty new sovereigns for him."

10. The woman trembled, for she and her husband were very poor. "Oh," she cried, "it's a shame to tempt me with so much gold! We had six larks brought over, and all died on the way except this one." She threw her white apron over her head so that she might not see the glittering bribe.

"Put your money up, and don't tempt the woman," was the cry. "The bird wouldn't live a week if you had it."

11. The woman turned kindly to the man who offered so much money for the bird, and said,—

"You can come here every Sunday, and the bird shall sing to you. You will get more pleasure from hearing him in that way than you would if he were always by you."

12. "So I will, missis," replied the digger, in a friendly voice.

George stayed till the lark stopped singing, and then departed with the pure strains ringing in his ears.

"The pretty bird!" he said. "I think his song must be a psalm if we knew all."

Adapted from "It is Never too Late to Mend," by CHARLES READE.

19. GOSSIP TOWN.

1. Have you ever heard of Gossip Town,
   On the shore of Falsehood Bay,
   Where old Dame Rumour, with rustling gown,
   Is going the livelong day?
   It isn't far to Gossip Town
   For people who want to go;

The Idleness train will take you down
In just an hour or so.

2. The Thoughtless Road is crowded, you'll find,
For most folks start that way;
But it's all down hill, and if you don't mind,
You'll land in Falsehood Bay.
You glide through the valley of Wicked Talk,
And into the Tunnel of Hate;
Then crossing the Bitterness Bridge, you walk
Right into the city gate.

3. The principal street is called They-Say,
And I've-Heard is the public well,
And the breezes that blow from Falsehood Bay
Are laden with Don't-you-Tell.
In the midst of the town is Telltale Park;
You're never quite safe while there,
For its owner is Madam Suspicious Remark,
Who lives in the street Don't Care.

4. At the back of the Park is Slanderers' Row
'Twas there that Good-Name died,
Pierced by a shaft from Jealousy's bow,
In the hands of Envy and Pride.
From Gossip Town Peace long since fled,
But Trouble and Grief and Woe,
And Sorrow and Care, you'll meet, instead,
If ever you chance to go.

20. THE MAORIS.

1. "Uncle Ned," I asked, "are there any savages in New Zealand?"

You must know that my Uncle Ned owns a large sheep-farm in New Zealand, and that at present he is taking a holiday in what he calls the "old country." He is staying with us, and we are never tired of asking him questions about the wonderful land in which he has made his home.

2. "Well," said Uncle Ned, "we have about forty thousand natives, or Maoris, but they are not savages now. Most of them are Christians; they till the ground, keep sheep, wear European clothes, and send their children to school. They have four members to represent them in our Parliament."

3. Uncle Ned stopped speaking, and began to fill his pipe.

"*Please* go on," I said, laying my hand pleadingly on his arm; "please tell me all you know about them, for I am very much interested in your Maoris."

Uncle Ned laughed at my eagerness; but being so good-natured, he agreed at once. This is what he said:—

4. When Captain Cook first visited New

MAORI MAIDENS.

Zealand, in the year 1769, he found the Maoris in possession of the land. They were a tall, strong, brown-skinned people, with black, wavy hair. They were born fighters, and were continually at war with one another. Their arms were clubs and spears, made of heavy wood and green stone. The clubs were handed down from father to son, and were regarded as precious heirlooms.

5. The Maoris were not satisfied with merely killing their enemies, but after a battle they generally ate the bravest of their fallen foes. They believed that, by eating the flesh of their dead enemies, they would inherit the courage and strength of the men they had killed.

6. With their stone tools the Maoris were able to erect houses and fence them round with wooden stockades. Some of the meeting-houses of the tribes were richly coloured and carved. They made canoes, too, and some of them were rowed by a hundred paddles. The canoes, like the meeting-houses, were often ornamented with graceful carvings.

7. The Maoris of the old days were very fond of finery. They wore tufts of feathers in their hair, and earrings of jade in their ears. But this was not all. Every Maori was tattooed on the face and body with a wonderful

and sometimes a hideous pattern. Each man had his own pattern, which showed the rank he held among his fellows.

8. The Maoris have been called the noblest race of savages the world has ever seen. Though they were always fighting, they knew how to be generous and just to the weak, the helpless, and the conquered. In the early days, when the Maoris fought against the European settlers, they often cared for and restored the white women and children who had fallen into their hands.

9. The natives grew flax, and knew how to weave it into mats and cloth, which they dyed with various kinds of bark and roots. They knew every plant, bird, and insect in the country; they divided the year into thirteen months, and they gave names to the chief stars. They were specially fond of games, such as kite-flying, skipping-rope, string puzzles, hide-and-seek, walking on stilts, and pole-leaping. Many of the Maoris to-day are first-rate football players.

10. Their priests had great influence over them, and used to make certain persons or things sacred, so that they could not be touched under pain of death. These sacred persons or things were then said to be "tabooed."

11. The Maori alphabet consists of fourteen letters, and every word and syllable in the language ends in a vowel. Examine for yourself the native names in a map of New Zealand, and you will find that every syllable in them ends in one or other of the vowels. The Maoris are a very poetical people, and some of them are remarkable public speakers.

12. I am sorry to say that the Maoris are fast dying out. They look around them, and they see that the white man's rat has destroyed their rat, that the white man's fly has driven out their fly, and that the English clover is killing their ferns. They cannot help seeing that they too are doomed to disappear before the white settler.

13. "Now, little woman," said Uncle Ned, "I have told you all I know about the Maoris. Are you satisfied?"

"Quite, uncle," I answered, "and I am very much obliged to you. I am very sorry, though, to hear that the Maoris are disappearing."

"So am I," added uncle; "but I suppose it cannot be helped. In many parts of the earth the native races may say,—

> 'The white man comes; we wither, and fade, and die,
> Like tender flowers when the icy blasts sweep by.'"

21. THE STRANGER IN THE VILLAGE.—I.

1. "Margery," said her mother, "take the pitcher, and fetch me some fresh water from the well, and I will make the porridge for supper."

2. "Yes, mother," said Margery. Then she put on her little white dimity hood, and taking the pitcher from the cupboard shelf, tripped along to the village well. On the way she met two of her little friends—Rosamond and Barbara. They were flying along, their cheeks very rosy and their eyes shining.

3. "O Margery," they cried, "come up to the tavern, quick, and see! The most beautiful coach-and-four is drawn up there. There are lackeys in green and gold, with cocked hats, and the coach has a crest on the side. O Margery!"

Margery's eyes grew large too, and she turned about with her empty pitcher and followed her friends.

4. They had almost reached the tavern, and were in full sight of the coach-and-four, when some one coming towards them caused them to draw up on one side of the way and stare with new wonder. It was a most beautiful little

boy. His golden curls hung to his shoulders, his sweet face had an expression at once gentle and noble, and his dress was of the richest material. He led a little flossy white dog by a ribbon.

5. After he had passed by, the three little girls looked at one another.

"Oh," cried Rosamond, "did you see his hat and feather?"

"And his lace, and the fluffy white dog!" cried Barbara. But Margery said nothing. In her heart she thought she had never seen any one so lovely.

6. After Margery had filled her pitcher, she went home; and was beginning to talk to her mother about the stranger, when a shadow fell across the floor from the doorway. Margery looked up. "There he is now!" cried she, in a joyful whisper.

7. The pretty boy stood there indeed, looking in modestly and wishfully. Margery's mother arose at once from her spinning-wheel, and came forward, for she was a very courteous woman. "Wilt thou enter, and rest thyself," said she, "and have a cup of our porridge, and a slice of our wheaten bread, and a bit of honeycomb?"

8. The little boy sniffed hungrily at the por-

"It was a most beautiful little boy."

ridge, which was just beginning to boil; he hesitated a moment, but finally thanked the good woman very softly and sweetly, and entered.

9. Then Margery and her mother set a bottle of cowslip wine on the table, slices of wheaten bread, a plate of honeycomb, a bowl of ripe raspberries, a little jug of yellow cream, and another little bowl with a garland of roses around the brim, for the porridge. Just as soon as that was cooked, the stranger sat down, and ate a supper fit for a prince.

10. When he had eaten his fill, and his little dog had been fed too, he offered his entertainers some gold out of a little silk purse, but they would not take it. So he took hold of his dog's ribbon, and went away with many thanks

"We shall never see him again," said Margery sorrowfully.

"The memory of a stranger one has fed is a pleasant one," said her mother.

11. While they were eating their own supper, the oldest woman in the village came in. She was very, very old, and by reason of her great age was considered very wise.

"Have you seen the stranger?" asked she, in her piping voice, seating herself stiffly.

"Yes," replied Margery's mother; "he hath supped with us."

12. "He's a Lindsay," said the old woman, with a nod of her white-capped head. "I tried him wi' a buttercup. I held it under his chin, and he loves butter. So he's a Lindsay, for all the Lindsays love butter. I know, for I was nurse in the family many years ago."

22. THE STRANGER IN THE VILLAGE.—II.

1. Two days after this dainty stranger with his coach-and-four came to the village, a little wretched beggar-boy, leading a forlorn, muddy little dog, appeared in the street. He went to the tavern first; but the host pushed him out of the door, throwing a pewter pot after him, which hit the poor little dog and made it yelp.

2. Then he spoke pitifully to the people he met, and knocked at the cottage doors; but every one drove him away. He met the oldest woman; but she gathered her skirts closely around her and hobbled by, her pointed nose up in the air, and her cap-strings flying straight out behind.

3. The poor boy kept on until he reached the cottage where Margery and her mother lived.

Margery heard the gate click, and turning,

saw the boy. Then she dropped a humble curtsy; and her mother rose and curtsied also, though she had not recognized her guest as soon as Margery.

The poor little stranger fairly wept for joy. "Ah, you remember me," he said, betwixt smiles and tears.

Then he entered the cottage, and while Margery and her mother got some refreshment ready for him, he told his pitiful story.

4. His father was a Lindsay, and a very rich and noble gentleman. Some little time before, he and his little son had journeyed to London with their coach-and-four. Business had detained Lord Lindsay longer than he had expected, and fearing his lady might be uneasy, he had sent his son home in the coach, with his lackeys and attendants.

5. Everything had gone safely until they had left this village. Some miles beyond, they had been attacked by highwaymen and robbed. The servants had either been taken prisoners or had fled. The thieves had driven off with the coach-and-four, and the poor little boy had crawled back to the village in a wretched plight.

6. Margery and her mother did all they could to comfort him. They prepared some hot broth for him, and opened a bottle of cowslip

wine. Margery's mother gave him some clean clothes, which had belonged to her son. The little gentleman looked funny in the little rustic's blue smock, but he was very comfortable. They fed the forlorn little dog too, and washed him till his white hair looked fluffy and silky again.

7. When the London mail stopped in the village the next day, they sent a message to Lord Lindsay, and in a week's time he came after his son. In his gratitude he offered Margery's mother rich rewards; but she would take nothing.

8. "I prithee, pretty Margery, do not for-

get me," said the boy, as he parted with his kind friends.

Margery promised she never would, and gave him a sprig of rosemary out of her garden to wear for a breastknot.

9. Margery grew up to be the pride of the village; and in time Lord Lindsay's son, who had always kept the sprig of rosemary, came and married her. They had a beautiful wedding, and all the villagers were invited. They danced on the green, and the Lindsay pipers played for them. The bride wore a white damask petticoat worked with pink roses, her pink satin gown was looped up with garlands of the same flower, and she wore a wreath of roses on her head.

10. The schoolmaster composed a poem on the occasion, but his wife took the paper on which it was written and used it to curl her hair. He could only remember one verse, and this is it:—

"When Lindsay wedded Margery,
Merrily piped the pipers all.
The bride, the village pride was she,
The groom, a gay gallant was he.
Merrily piped the pipers all,
When Lindsay wedded Margery."

From "The Pot of Gold," by MARY E. WILKINS.

23. THE FOOT OF THE RAINBOW.

1. May and her brother
started together,
All in the beautiful August
weather,
When the long, hot day
was nearly done,
Running as fast as they could run,
On through the light of the setting sun.
Their hands were clasped, and their little feet
Disturbed the dust with a constant patter,
And the people stared whom they chanced to meet,
And wondered what could be the matter.

2. They knew, those two,
They had business to do;
No time to stop, or even to walk;
No time for rest, no time for talk.
Their fortune—their future—before them lay,
And their task must be done ere the close of day.

For they had been told
That by clever children there might be found
A big pot of gold
Where the foot of the rainbow rests on the ground.

3. Johnny had carefully noted the spot,
And knew where the rainbow touched the meadow,
Casting a beautiful, tinted shadow
Over the hiding-place of the pot.
So May's little hand in his own he took,
And together they hastened down to the brook.

4. Poor little breath! it comes laboured and fast;
Poor little feet! too hard have they wrought.
The brook has been crossed, and the meadow is passed;
The distance is greater than Johnny had thought.
"Never mind, May; I had nearly guessed right.
See, the beautiful bow is in sight!
Just over that blackberry bush, I'll be bound,
Is the place where the rainbow touches the ground."

5. Poor little feet, so tired and worn;
Poor little faces, so covered with scratches;
Poor little hands, all bleeding and torn
By briers that grow in such tangled patches!
Stoutly they toil through the thicket, and then
They see the same rainbow before them again.
"Never mind, May, for the bow is there still,
Just at the foot of the little green hill.

See where it touches the grass and the flowers!
Another short run, and the gold will be ours."

* * * *

6. Just at the foot of a little green mound
Johnny and baby May were found,
Wrapped in a slumber, sweet and deep;
They were carried home and tucked away,
And nothing disturbed their wearied sleep
Till the rising sun made another day.

EDWARD WILLETT.

24. HOW PRINCESS ANGELICA TOOK A LITTLE MAID.

1. One day, when the Princess Angelica was quite a little girl, she was walking in the garden of the palace with Mrs. Gruffanuff, the governess, who was holding a parasol over her head, to keep her sweet complexion from freckles. Angelica was carrying a bun, to feed the swans and ducks in the royal pond.

2. They had not reached the duck pond, when there came toddling up to them such a funny little girl. She had a great quantity of hair blowing about her chubby little cheeks, and looked as if she had not been washed or combed for ever so long. She wore a ragged bit of a cloak, and had only one shoe on.

3. "You little wretch, who let you in here?" asked Gruffanuff.

"Div' me dat bun," said the little girl; "me velly hungy."

"Hungry! what is that?" asked Princess Angelica, and gave the child the bun.

4. "O princess," says Gruffanuff, "how good, how kind, how truly angelical you are!—See, your majesties," she said to the king and queen, who now came up, "how kind the princess is! She met this little dirty girl in the garden, and the dear darling of a princess has given her the whole of her bun!"

5. "I didn't want it," said Angelica.

"But you are a darling little angel, all the same," says the governess.

"Yes; I know I am," said Angelica.—"Dirty little girl, don't you think I am very pretty?" Indeed, she had on the finest of little dresses and hats; and as her hair was carefully curled, she really looked very well.

6. "Oh, pretty, pretty!" says the little girl, capering about, laughing and dancing, and munching her bun; and as she ate it she began to sing, "Oh, what fun to have a plum bun! how I wish it never was done!" At which and her funny accent Angelica and the king and queen began to laugh very merrily.

7. "I can dance as well as sing," says the little girl. "I can dance, and I can sing, and I can do all sorts of ting." She ran to a flower-bed, and pulling a few flowers, made herself a little wreath. Then she danced before the king and queen very drolly and prettily.

"Who was your mother—who were your relations, little girl?" said the queen.

The little girl said, "Little lion was my brudder, great big lioness my mudder; neber heard of any udder." And she capered away, and everybody was very much amused.

8. So Angelica said to the queen, "Mamma, my parrot flew away yesterday out of its cage, and I don't care any more for any of my toys; and I think this funny little dirty child will amuse me. I will take her home, and give her some of my old frocks——"

9. "Oh, the generous darling!" says Gruffanuff.

"—Which I have worn ever so many times, and am quite tired of," Angelica went on; "and she shall be my little maid.—Will you come home with me, little dirty girl?"

The child clapped her hands and said, "Go home with you? yes! You pretty princess! Have a nice dinner, and wear a new dress!"

10. And they all laughed again, and took home the child to the palace. When she was washed and combed, and had one of the princess's frocks given to her, she looked as handsome as Angelica, almost.

11. Little Betsinda became a great favourite with the princess, and she danced, and sang, and made her little rhymes, to amuse her mistress. Then, as she grew older, she became lady's-maid to the princess. She worked and mended, and was always eager to please Angelica, and, in fact, became a perfect little maid.

Adapted from "The Rose and the Ring," by W. M. Thackeray.

25. THE CATAMANDELAN.—I.

1. Once upon a time the King of Barataria was angry—very angry. He had scourged his slaves, and degraded the guardian of the royal woods, but all to no purpose—his desire was yet unfulfilled.

2. The cooks of the royal kitchen had done everything that lay in their power to cozen the king's appetite, but in vain. The wing of a catamandelan, which, as every one knows, is a very rare and shy bird, he would have; nothing else would do. He waved all other dishes aside with an impatient sweep of his arm, and would not listen when they told him a catamandelan could not be found.

3. "The king," said he, "will not dine till a catamandelan be forthcoming, and every hour

that he waits, a cook shall be executed. See to it," he roared, pointing to the chief cook, "that thy turn come not soon."

4. What was to be done? The king's rage was terrible to behold, and the cooks began to draw lots to select the one who should first lay his head on the block. One hour passed by, and they led forth the unhappy man on whom the lot fell to meet his doom.

5. Just as the executioner was lifting his axe, a bird fluttered into his eyes, and fell on the ground before him. It was a catamandelan. The prisoner was released, and in less time than it takes to write it, the bird was trussed and roasted and served up at table.

6. Now, however, the king's mind changed. He suddenly loathed the dish laid before him, and leaving it untasted, went supperless to bed. So relieved were the cooks and servants that they spent the night in feasting and mirth, leaving the royal tables untouched.

7. When the king arose early in the morning, his wrath had gone, but a great hunger was upon him. He hurried to the banqueting chamber for breakfast, but as he approached it he heard a great shrieking. The room was crowded with catamandelans, flying hither and thither, and beating the slaves with their wings.

The king could hardly hear his own voice for the din that the birds made.

8. "Clear the room of these creatures, you rascals!" he roared; but as the slaves advanced with clubs to do his bidding, the birds rose above their heads and wheeled round and round with horrid shrieks and cries.

9. It was clear that the king could not breakfast in the banqueting chamber. "Spread the meal in the council chamber," he shouted again. But as the slaves came out of the kitchen, with the dishes in their hands, the birds suddenly swooped down upon them, and seized the contents in their beaks. Directly a morsel of food appeared, the birds pounced down upon it and bore it away.

10. Now the king was almost starving, so he sent off a swift messenger to his summer house, some five miles away, to say that he would breakfast there. Mounting his steed, he immediately cantered off towards the summer house, the keen morning air increasing his hunger, till he could almost bite the ends of his fingers off.

11. Soon he arrived at the summer house, where breakfast was awaiting him. He took his place, with watering mouth, and prepared to eat. No sooner had he taken a bit of food

in his hand than the air was dark with catamandelans, and the food was torn from his fingers. Buffet them as he might, they always overcame him, and bore off the food in triumph.

12. At length the king was forced to give up the attempt. Back he rode to the palace, and as he galloped along he saw a beggar eating a crust of black rye bread. Leaping off his horse, the king tossed the beggar a gold coin and snatched the coarse food from him. But before he could cram it into his mouth, a sharp beak tweaked it out of his fingers, and his majesty was foiled again.

26. THE CATAMANDELAN.—II.

1. Sadly he rode on to the palace. When he got there the catamandelans were waiting in force. They had devoured every bit of food in the palace, and it was quite clear that starvation was to be the fate of the king.

2. The magicians were summoned, and the king promised one-third of his kingdom to the man who should point out a way to get rid of the terrible birds.

3. One suggested that a rich feast should be spread outside the palace gate, that the king

THE KING OF BARATARIA.

should pretend to partake of it, and that as soon as the birds flocked out he should hasten within and try to get something to eat. But this was useless, for directly the feast was spread, the catamandelans swooped out of the blue sky and gobbled it up in a moment. When the king rushed inside the palace, he found it as full as ever of the birds.

4. Another man advised that all the doors and windows of the palace should be closed, and that a troop of archers should shoot the catamandelans within. This was tried; but though the archers shot all their arrows away, and the roof and walls of the palace bristled with feathered shafts, not a single bird was slain. Meanwhile, the king was growing hungrier and hungrier. "I shall starve," he cried, "and no one will help me."

5. As he spoke, an old man with a long white beard stepped forward. "Throw off thy royal robes, O king," said he, "and put on this ragged attire." Something compelled the king to do as he was bidden. Stripping himself of his purple robe, he donned the tattered rags lying at his feet. "Come with me," said the old man; and the king followed him without a word.

6. In an instant, it seemed to the disguised

king, they were in the darkest and dirtiest part of his great city. He looked round, and lo! he was alone. On and on he wandered, and wherever he went, he saw the poor and needy, the sick and the starving, the diseased and the dying, lying huddled together in dirt and misery. He had never known of this before, and his heart misgave him.

7. He began to feel that he had sadly neglected his people, and he half made up his mind that, when he had breakfasted, he would do something to relieve the wretchedness that he saw round about him.

8. He had hardly felt this little pang of pity, when he noticed lying before him what was of more value to him at that moment than all his kingdom, and that was half a loaf. He seized it eagerly and looked round for the birds, but they were nowhere visible.

9. To put his teeth into it was the work of a moment. Before he had bitten off a piece, however, he saw a little girl with hungry eyes and a thin, careworn face stretching out her hand in mute appeal. It was a great struggle. His hunger was frightful, but he overcame it, and said, "Yes, my child, though I perish it shall be yours."

10. As he handed the loaf to the child, a

shadow fell on him. Looking up, he saw a long train of catamandelans flying over the city towards the hills. Then he seemed to be whirled away in a cloud, and when he next knew anything, he was seated at his own table, with food and wine in plenty.

11. The king did not forget the lesson that he had learned. That day there was no hungry person in Barataria. The sick and wretched were comforted, the poor were gladdened, and the king spent the happiest day of his life.

12. Over the great gate of his palace he caused a stone catamandelan to be carved, that he might see it as he went out and in. That is why the kings of Barataria to this day have the figure of a catamandelan as their royal crest and seal.

EDWARD SHIRLEY.

27. THE USEFUL PLOUGH.

1 A country life is sweet!
In moderate cold and heat,
To walk in the air how pleasant and fair!
In every field of wheat,
The fairest of flowers adorning the bowers,
And every meadow's brow;
To that, I say, no courtier may
Compare with they who clothe in grey,
And follow the useful plough.

2. They rise with the morning lark,
And labour till almost dark,
Then folding their sheep, they hasten to sleep;
While every pleasant park
Next morning is ringing with birds that are
On each green and tender bough. [singing
With what content and merriment
Their days are spent whose minds are bent
To follow the useful plough! *Old Song.*

28. AT SCHOOL WITH SHAKESPEARE.

[*Shakespeare Day, April 23.*]

1. The shadow on the dial lies midway between five and six on a sunny July morning in the year of grace one thousand five hundred and seventy-five. A square-built, active lad of eleven, brown eyed, chestnut haired, and rosy cheeked, with satchel in hand, is stepping into Henley Street, Stratford-on-Avon, from the house of his father, Master John Shakespeare.

2. The lad is fair to look upon. His hazel eyes are deep and ever changing, one moment twinkling gaily with fun, the next sad and serious. His forehead is white and high, fitted for great thoughts, and his mouth is sweet as a girl's. It is a face you will turn again to observe as you pass him by.

3. As he stands beneath the porch, lithe and trim in doublet and hose, pressing his flat cap on his curls, his face is somewhat clouded, for he finds school a dreary place and his master's hand very heavy. How sweet, he thinks, to play the truant to-day, to wander by the riverside where the trees droop to the water and the pigeons coo in the branches; where the

"The lad is fair to look upon."

feathery reeds sway in the summer breeze, and the swans glide by like stately ships!

4. How delicious it would be, he thinks, to roam in Charlecote's tall woods, where the squirrels are leaping from bough to bough, and the antlered deer stand watchful in the shade! But better still, how glorious it would be to set off on a twelve-mile walk to Kenilworth, where the Earl of Leicester is even now entertaining Her Gracious Majesty Queen Elizabeth with princely pleasures! The boy sighs, and recalls with flashing eyes the wondrous scenes he gazed upon only a week ago, when his father took him to the castle to see the revels.

5. Oh, how glorious they were! How well he remembers the drums and trumpets, the giants, the dwarfs, the heathen gods, and the ancient heroes! It was a glimpse of fairyland. Best of all, he recalls the play. Some day, he thinks to himself, he too will fashion such stirring scenes for the delight of thousands. Yes, this dreamy schoolboy will one day become the greatest playwriter that the world has ever seen.

6. There is no time now for day dreaming. The hour of six draws nigh, and the school door is open. So, dismissing his wandering thoughts, he turns the corner of Henley Street,

and passes into High Street. Here he meets his schoolfellows, and the quiet street rings with boyish greetings. On they troop to the Grammar School, which stands hard by the Guild Chapel.

7. The lads race up the outer staircase into the schoolroom, with its black oaken beams, its wainscotted walls, and small, high windows. The satchels are opened on the rough desks, and the boys begin to prepare their lessons. They are scarcely completed before a knocking on the door is heard, and stern Master Hunt, clad in a rusty black gown, advances to his desk to begin the day's work.

8. Master Hunt begins by hearing the exercises, and it is not long before the sounds of weeping are heard. The master is a severe man, and he believes with Solomon that he who spares the rod spoils the child. School is a hard, dreary place, and young Will Shakespeare's mind is not set on his book. He is dreaming of Kenilworth, when he ought to be learning his Latin and working problems in "arethmetike." He will probably feel the master's rod before the day is over.

9. The morning drags on until nine sounds from the clock, and the boys clatter down the steps for the breakfast half-hour. Then school

IN SHAKESPEARE'S COUNTRY.

begins again, and continues until half-past eleven, when the boys disperse until one. Morning school has thus lasted a full five hours.

10. Arriving home for dinner, Will salutes his elders with reverence, says grace, and wishes "much good may your dinner do you." Then he waits on his parents, and after they have finished he is free to take his meal.

11. Back he goes to school at one, and lessons proceed until three, when half an hour's play is allowed. Once more the boys return to their books, and continue their studies until half-past five, when the day's work concludes with reading a portion of the Bible, singing two staves of a psalm, and evening prayer.

12. 'Tis a long business this schooling—nearly ten hours of study, and nothing in all the livelong day to touch the lad's heart and stir his fancy. But out of doors on the Thursday half-holiday things are quite different. Then, the happiest boy in all the world, he roams through the Warwickshire lanes and fields, where—

> "Daisies pied and violets blue,
> And lady smocks all silver white,
> And cuckoo buds of yellow hue,
> Do paint the meadows with delight."

29. ARIEL'S SONGS.

[Ariel was a gay spirit of air, obedient to Prospero, a magician, who had been Duke of Milan, but had been driven from his dukedom by a false brother. Prospero and his daughter Miranda lived upon an enchanted island, and were the only mortals on it. A great storm took place, and a ship containing, amongst other persons, the false brother, the king of Naples, and a young prince, his son, named Ferdinand, was wrecked upon the island. Ferdinand got ashore safely, and imagined himself to be the only one saved. The first of the following songs was sung by Ariel to the young prince, who was weeping for the supposed loss of his father. The second song was Ariel's expression of delight when Prospero set him free. When you are older, you will read the whole story in Shakespeare's play "The Tempest."]

I.

Full fathom five thy father lies:
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:
[*Burthen*] Ding-dong.
Hark! now I hear them—Ding-dong, bell.

II.

Where the bee sucks, there suck I:
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily.
Merrily, merrily shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

30. BIRDS OF BRIGHT PLUMAGE.

1. George Stephenson, the inventor of the railway engine, went one day into an unused room in his house, and finding that the window had been left open for some time, he closed it. A few days afterwards he was in this room again, when he noticed a bird outside the closed window dashing itself against the panes in a vain attempt to enter the apartment.

2. He opened the window, and the bird, which had a worm in its mouth, flew towards a corner of the room. There he found a nest, and in it were a mother bird and several young ones, all dead. The bird which had now entered sank down exhausted beside the nest. Stephenson tried to nurse it back to life, but in vain. The bird was worn out with its struggles to help its mate, and in a short time its little life ebbed away.

3. Do you wonder that the great engineer mourned over the suffering which he had innocently caused by shutting the window? Would it not have brought tears to your eyes also to see the mother bird and her helpless young ones slowly starving, and her mate worn out in a vain endeavour to feed them? Is there any woman or girl who would not gladly give

BIRDS OF BRIGHT PLUMAGE.

1. Humming-birds. 2. Bird of Paradise. 3. Jay. 4. Long-eared Owl. 5. Kingfisher. 6. Egret. 7. Swallow. 8. Kittiwake. 9. Tern or Sea-Swallow.

up some pleasure of her own in order to spare such pain to harmless living creatures? Let us see.

4. Far away, on the low, swampy coast of Florida, we are to visit the home of the egret, a species of heron of the most snowy-white plumage. Here in the breeding season there are hundreds of nests in the tree-tops, forming a colony very like our rookeries. It is usually a busy scene, and the flashing of white wings overhead is very striking.

5. But now as we approach there is no noise or movement. The ashes of a camp-fire yonder show that visitors have been here before us. That, alas! is not the only token of their visit. The ground is covered with the dead bodies of the beautiful egrets, shot down while circling round their nests in the tree-tops.

6. The blood-stained ground and the mangled birds are not the worst result of their visit. From some of the nests we can yet hear the faint calling of starving young ones. This will soon cease, however; most of them, indeed, are already dead. It is a horrible place—a scene of the most terrible suffering; let us leave it as soon as we can.

7. As we go, we are not only sad but angry. What monsters of cruelty live on these shores?

What ruthless savage or what wild beast can it be that has caused all this suffering and death? You could never guess how it has come about. The cause of it all is simply this: our gentle, tender-hearted women have made up their minds that fashion requires them to wear on their heads a certain kind of feather or plume.

8. This plume is found only on the egret, and is an ornament which it bears only at the nesting season. Then, too, the birds are less shy than at other times, and are hunted more easily. So the bird-hunters shoot down the parent birds, tear off their delicate plumes, often before the birds are dead, and leave the young ones to die a still more cruel death by starvation.

9. Do you still think that our women and girls are as kind and thoughtful towards the helpless birds as George Stephenson was? Some of them are, no doubt, and many refuse to wear ornaments that cost so much pain and suffering. Others think little about the matter, and wear what happens to be fashionable. So the horrible cruelty goes on, and may continue until these lovely birds have all disappeared.

10. The egret is not the only victim to our

barbarous fashions. Gulls, terns, and other sea-birds, as well as the brilliant humming-bird, the bird of Paradise, and others that charm the eye in tropical forests, are sold by the million every year in London to be used in decorating ladies' bonnets. And as most of these are in finest plumage at their breeding-time, almost every skin sent to market means the starvation of a brood of young ones.

11. A sea-gull or a humming-bird on the wing is a most beautiful sight. A stuffed specimen in a museum has its use as a means of instruction, though most of its beauty has gone. Some people even admire the heads, wings, and plumes that are mixed up with ribbons and other things on a fashionable bonnet; but the taste for being fashionable is of a very low order compared with the enjoyment of the happy bird life which is destroyed for its sake.

12. A love of gay feathers is very natural, and many savage tribes are fond of such ornaments. But girls who are not savages should not gratify this taste unless they know the plumes can be obtained without cruelty. It may take some courage for a girl to refuse to follow a cruel fashion, but doing one's duty always requires courage.

31. MY AUSTRALIAN COUSIN'S LETTER.

George's Creek, near Armidale,
New South Wales, Australia,
August 1, 1900.

1. My dear Nellie,—I am very grateful for your long and interesting letter. How I wish I could join you at that pretty seaside town where you are now spending the holidays! Perhaps in a few years' time father will bring me to the "old country" with him. I long to see England, and especially to visit Westminster Abbey, the Tower of London, Windsor Castle, and the other places of which I have read in my history book. Will it not be delightful to explore them together?

2. You ask me to tell you what sort of life we lead out here. Well, you know that father is a squatter, or owner of a sheep-run. We live in a comfortable house, and clustered around it are the wool-sheds, the shearing-houses, the stables, and the homes of the "station hands."

3. The sheep are kept in great paddocks or fields enclosed by stout six-wire fences. Some of these paddocks are as big as half a dozen English farms put together. Father's "run" covers thousands of acres, and it is a hard day's ride to cross it.

SHEARING TIME.

4. Our shepherds, who are called "boundary riders," spend their lives in the saddle, riding from place to place to visit the flocks. On

father's run the boundary riders are never more than a day's ride from home; but there are runs where the shepherds are obliged to spend long weeks in solitude without even the company of a dog.

5. Day after day, week after week, these poor fellows look across the same dreary plain, gaze at the same dreary woods, and live on the same dreary fare of mutton, "damper," and tea. Sometimes the awful loneliness drives them mad.

6. In the spring the station hands "round up" the sheep for washing and shearing. This work continues for weeks, and it is only when flock after flock is driven up from the distant grazing grounds that father really knows how many sheep he has. Gangs of men travel about the country from station to station, and often earn a couple of pounds a day by shearing the sheep.

7. Shearing-time is a very busy season. The sheds are alive with struggling sheep and bustling men. The shearer seizes a sheep, grips it firmly between his knees, plunges both points of his half-opened shears into the wool, and in a moment has begun to remove the fleece. He proceeds with wonderful skill, and in five minutes or so the beautiful white fleece lies on the ground.

and the poor, shorn sheep is bounding out of the shed with a bleat of relief.

8. The two greatest terrors of our lives are floods and droughts. Let me tell you about the droughts. Sometimes hot, parching winds sweep across the country for days at a time and lick up every drop of water. The grass withers, and the pastures are as hard and bare as the road. Father watches the river and the dams, and as the water gets lower and lower our hearts sink within us, for we know that trouble is nigh.

9. Once, when I was a little baby, water failed altogether, and the flocks had to be driven away in search of new supplies. Thousands of sheep perished of thirst, and the dusty plain was white with the skeletons of the poor creatures. Father was nearly ruined.

10. We are not now so much afraid of drought as we were a few years ago. We have sunk what are called artesian wells—that is, we have bored deep down into the earth and have tapped the stores of underground water. We get some thousands of gallons of water from our wells every day, and so we are provided with a steady supply, which does not fail in the dry season.

11. Another of our enemies is the rabbit, which has become the greatest nuisance in Australia. The rabbits swarm in huge num-

bers, and eat up the grass on which the sheep feed. A great many persons are employed in shooting, trapping, and poisoning them, and sometimes we get up a great rabbit hunt, in which all the neighbours join. I should not like to say how many hundreds of thousands of rabbits we killed at the last hunt.

THE STAMP ON MY COUSIN'S LETTER.

12. I do not know that there is anything more to tell you. Father and mother send their love. Kiss Emily and Jane for me, and please imagine that I am giving you a special hug all for yourself.—I remain, my dear Nellie, your affectionate cousin, LIZZIE.

32. THE SONG OF THE THRUSH.

At the corner of Wood Street, when daylight appears,
Hangs a thrush that sings loud: it has sung for three years.
Poor Susan has passed by the spot, and has heard
In the silence of morning the song of the bird.

'Tis a note of enchantment. What ails her? She sees
A mountain ascending, a vision of trees;
Bright volumes of vapour through Lothbury glide,
And a river flows on through the vale of Cheapside.

Green pastures she views in the midst of the dale,
Down which she so often has tripped with her pail;
And a single small cottage, a nest like a dove's,
The one only dwelling on earth that she loves.

"Green pastures she views in the midst of the dale."

She looks, and her heart is in heaven: but they fade—
The mist and the river, the hill and the shade;
The stream will not flow, and the hill will not rise,
And the colours have all passed away from her eyes.

WORDSWORTH.

33. JACK AND THE MEASLES.

1. Edith and Amy were down with the measles, and Jack, their brother, was sternly ordered to keep away from the nursery, in which his sisters lay. One day, however, Jack's mother said: "You may go and look

in at the nursery window, my boy. Your sisters are sitting up in bed, and it will perhaps cheer them a little to see you."

2. Jack peeped eagerly in at the window, and waved his hand to the little girls, who

were sitting up in bed wrapped in pretty little dressing-jackets. They did not appear to be particularly ill, and Jack noticed by the bedside bunches of grapes and bananas, a plate of jelly, and a bottle of raspberry vinegar.

3. "I say," said Jack to himself, "it must be fine to have the measles. I did not think that it meant grapes, and bananas, and jellies. I thought it was something nasty. I wonder how I could manage to have the measles too."

4. Jack went round to the stables to find Dick the coachman, who was a special friend of his. The boy had a great reverence for Dick's wisdom, and as he had seen the coachman doctoring the horses, he felt sure that so eminent a medical man could not fail to give him the information he wanted.

5. "Dick," said the boy, "I should like to have the measles. I wish you would tell me how to do it."

Dick scratched his head.

"I'm sure I don't know, Master Jack," said he. "People mostly don't want to have 'em, you see."

6. "But I do," said Jack. "It must be fine fun. Why, my sisters have got a regular Christmas party in the nursery now. Look

here, I'll give you my new shilling if you'll tell me the way."

But Dick wouldn't, and Jack had to give him up in despair. He thought it was very unkind of Dick to refuse him a little request like that.

7. Next he tried Mary the housemaid; but she said that having the measles was very nasty indeed, and that a little brother of hers had died of the complaint.

"Oh, but he must have been a very greedy little fellow indeed," said Jack. "Of course, if you keep on measling and don't know when to stop, you are sure to suffer for it. I don't intend to have any more measles than are good for me."

8. Mary only shook her head and said that Master Jack would find that if he had the measles he would have to suffer a great deal of pain and misery. She hoped Master Jack would not do anything foolish. Jack, however, was not deterred, and determined that, as no one else would tell him, he would ask Edith and Amy how they did it.

9. It was not very easy to get into the nursery, where the two sick girls were lying, because there was a nurse nearly always with them. One day, however, Jack hid behind a

wardrobe on the landing, and when he saw the nurse come out and go down to the kitchen, he popped into the room.

10. His sisters seemed very glad to see him. They clapped their hands, and Jack, although he thought it a very girlish thing to do, kissed them both. Then he asked them the great question.

"Oh, you don't do anything to get the measles," said Edith, in reply; "they just come to you."

"Well," said Jack, "I wish they would just come to me, that's all."

11. "No, no," Edith said; "you mustn't wish that, Jack. The measles make you very ill; red spots come out on you, and, I can assure you, it is very painful indeed."

"It seems to me," said Jack, "that all you measlers are greedy and overdo it. I shall be very careful, you may be sure, and not take any more than is good for me."

12. Just then he heard the nurse coming up the stairs, and he ran out just in time to escape detection. A few days after, his eyes and nose began running, and he felt very uncomfortable. Then he began to be hot and cold by turns; his head ached dreadfully, and he felt very sick. His mother noticed him, and said: "This

child is sickening for the measles." Then they sent for the doctor.

13. Jack was put to bed, and he was very ill indeed. Oh how he wished he had not disobeyed his mother! When he was on the way to recovery, they brought all sorts of dainties to his bedside, but he had no appetite for them. He would have given all the grapes, oranges, bananas, jellies, and syrups in the world to be well again, and to be able to scamper about on his pony.

14. In due time Jack quite recovered, and then he confessed to his mother that he had been disobedient, and had gone secretly to the sick-room. His mother was very grave, but she did not scold him. "You have been punished sufficiently for your folly," she said, "and I think you will remember your lesson."

I don't think Jack is likely to forget it; do you?

34. BUGLE-SONG.

The splendour falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story;
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.

Blow, bugle—blow! set the wild echoes flying!
Blow, bugle! Answer, echoes! dying, dying, dying.

O hark! O hear, how
thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer,
farther going!
O sweet and far from
cliff and scar
The horns of Elfland
faintly blowing!
Blow! let us hear the purple
glens replying.
Blow, bugle! Answer, echoes!
dying, dying, dying

O love, they die in yon
rich sky!
They faint on hill, on
field, or river;
Our echoes roll from
soul to soul,
And grow for ever
and for ever.
Blow, bugle—blow! set the wild echoes flying!
And answer, echoes—answer! dying, dying, dying.

From "The Princess," by
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

35. SEAWEEDS.

1. All the plants that grow in the sea are called weeds, because they are generally thought to be of no use. But such a view of the Marine Algæ—to give them their proper name—can be held only by those who are ignorant of the important work they perform. You and I, who are proud of our native islands, ought to regard seaweeds with respect; for if they did not grow upon our shores, our country would be much smaller than it is.

2. Seaweeds grow chiefly upon the submerged rocks that encircle our islands, and they extend from high-water mark to a depth of twenty fathoms. Within the twenty-fathom line they are abundant; beyond it they are rare. When the tide has gone out, you can see the rocks covered thickly with olive and brown wracks of several kinds.

3. These sea-wracks hang down or lie flat along the rocks, and make them very slippery, as perhaps you have discovered by trying to walk over them. If you go in a boat over the same rocks at high tide, you will see that each weed is erect in the water, and is swaying and bending with every movement of the sea.

SEAWEEDS AND SHELLS.

4. These thick, tough, leather-like plants act as breakwaters, and check the force of the big waves just before they hurl themselves against the land. In spite of the wracks, however, the biggest of the waves throw themselves with terrific power against the cliffs, and gradually break away great masses of the rock. The damage done, however, would be far greater if the seaweeds were not there.

5. These seaweeds are curious plants; for they produce no flowers, and have no roots. Instead of flowers or true seeds, they produce millions of minute bodies called *spores*, which grow into seaweeds. Land plants draw up their stores of water and mineral food from the earth through their roots; but seaweeds do not need roots for this purpose, as the whole plant is enveloped by the water which contains its nourishment.

6. Seaweeds need roots only to attach them to something. But roots cannot pierce the hard stone, so, instead of true roots, these marine algæ have suckers by which they cling very tightly to the surface of the rock.

7. I should like to tell you something about a few of these weeds. There are no less than four hundred and fifty different kinds to be found on the British coasts alone. They may

be arranged according to their colours, or the colours of their spores, into three groups—the green, the brown and olive, and the red. Most of the green weeds are delicate in texture, and grow chiefly in the rock-pools near high-water mark.

8. The olive wracks, as already mentioned, cover the rocks between high and low water marks. The red weeds grow in somewhat deeper water, whilst the great brown tangles are attached to the rocks lower down still. In their shadow we find the red weeds once more.

9. Some of the green weeds form the favourite food of certain crabs, sea-snails, and fishes. Among them are the thin, broad-fronded sea lettuce, and in the higher pools we may find a bright, grassy-looking weed, with flat-looking leaves that are really hollow. Then there is also a very beautiful green weed, which looks like a little fern or feather-moss as it grows from the walls of the pools.

10. The next time you are at the seaside, go down to the rocks and examine the large brown and olive weeds you find clinging to them. You will see that many of the weeds have air-bladders along their flat branches. These are natural life-buoys, which enable the plants to float erect in the water. Other varieties of sea-

weed are much the same in appearance, but have no bladders, and some have thick, leathery fronds, split up into narrow ribbons, which are crumpled and frilled.

11. One of these brown and olive seaweeds, which is known as the sea-thong, is like a little round table with its top as big as a shilling. In the middle of the top is a hollow, from which in summer time there grows a slender branch which forks into two, and each of these again branches into two long, leathery straps, a quarter of an inch wide, but some yards in length. Now all these branching thongs are but the fruit of the plant, and from a number of little holes which look like pin-pricks, along their sides, the spores come forth to produce new plants.

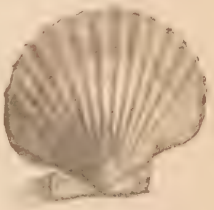
12. Then there are a large number of small seaweeds of red and purple hues, with delicately-divided fronds of great beauty. Some of these, like purple laver and Irish moss, are used as an article of food, especially by invalids; but most of them are chiefly important because they purify the sea-water and feed the hosts of creatures that live therein. The large brown and olive weeds are used by farmers near the sea as manure; and they yield the drug iodine, and a coarse kind of soda called kelp.

Edward Step, F.L.S.

36. SHELLS AND THEIR INMATES.

1. I have just returned from a day's work with the oyster-dredgers. For many hours we have been hauling the dredge over the sea bottom at the mouth of a big river, and each time we emptied the netted bag of the dredge into the boat we discovered in it not only oysters, but a multitude of other sea creatures and many kinds of shells.

2. The commonest of the shells we thus brought up from the floor of the sea was the quin, or small scallop, which lives between a pair of beautifully-fluted shells, and measures about two inches across. One of these shells, or valves, is hollowed out like a deep saucer; the other is shallower, and forms its lid. The two shells are connected by an elastic hinge, and the quin, as he lies upon the floor of the sea, can lift up the more flattened shell at his pleasure.



3. A quin is something like a book in structure, the two valves of the shell forming the covers. Within the covers are six leaves, three on each side of the body. The one nearest the shell on each side is called the

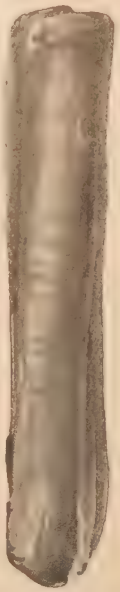
mantle, because the rest of the animal is wrapped in it. The other leaves are the gills or breathing organs, two of them being on each side of the body. The creature has no proper head, but it has a mouth, of which it makes extremely good use.

4. The gills are covered with very fine hairs, which wave to and fro, and cause a current of water to flow into the shell and between the gill-leaves. The oxygen or life-giving gas in the water passes into the gills and purifies the blood. The water also contains tiny animals and plants, and these enter the quin's mouth and find their way into his stomach. The mantle pours out a fluid which hardens into a kind of porcelain, and forms a shell, which grows as the animal grows, and is always the right size for its inmate.

5. The quin usually lies on the sea bottom, but it frequently indulges in a zigzag flight from place to place, like that of the butterfly. Does it not seem strange that an animal without legs or wings or fins should be able to flit about in this way? How can it do so? The quin opens and closes its valves very rapidly, and thus expels the water with great force. This drives the creature swiftly in the opposite direction to a distance of several yards.

6. The quin, the oyster, the cockle, the mussel, and other sea creatures that have the shell in two connected parts are known as *bivalves*, to distinguish them from the whelks, periwinkles, limpets, and others which have the shell in one piece only. All these creatures are commonly spoken of as shell-fish; but that is a misleading term, for they are not fishes at all. They should be called molluscs.

7. Many bivalves bury themselves in mud or sand, and these have a rather large, fleshy, finger-like organ or "foot," which enables them to burrow rapidly Everybody knows the razor-shell, which may often be picked up on a wide, sandy beach, but without the animal. The razor spends all its life buried vertically in the sand. When the sands are covered with water, it rises to the mouth of its burrow, and pushes forth two long tubes or siphons into the water above. Through one of these tubes the water flows down to the gills, and after filtering through them is passed back by means of the second tube.

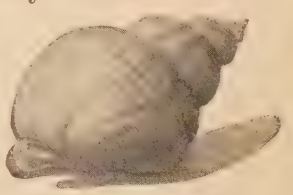


8. Now let us examine a few sea creatures that have the shell all in one piece. Here is

a limpet with its conical shell. It has a head furnished with a pair of eyes and a pair of feelers. The "foot" is large and oval, and clings with great tenacity to the rocks upon which it glides. By means of this "foot" the edge of the shell is held so firmly to the rock that none of its enemies except man can loosen its hold.

9. Unlike the quin, the limpet can wander over his native rocks in search of food, though he always returns to his home for rest. Here he has sunk a little pit, into which the margin of the shell fits exactly. Beneath his conical roof, the limpet can defy the fiercest waves that batter and hammer the rocks upon which he makes his home.

10. Most shells formed of one piece are conical, but they are usually twisted into a spiral. A familiar example of this form is the shell of the common whelk, which is a long, hollow cone coiled upon itself. The body of the whelk is attached to the shell by a strong muscle, and the "foot" is almost as long and as broad as the shell. Upon this, when expanded outside the shell, the whelk can glide rapidly about.



11. At the front of the whelk's head there is a pair of tentacles or feelers, and at the base of each of them there is an eye. Between the feelers and a little below them is the snout-like mouth, and inside this is a long, ribbon-like tongue bearing an enormous number of flint-hooks or teeth, similar to those of the limpet. But while the limpet uses his tongue to rasp down vegetable food, the whelk uses his to bore through shells. He can pierce the hardest bivalve in the sea, and feed upon its inmate.

EDWARD STEP, F.L.S

37. THE SEASHELL.

See what a lovely shell!
Small and pure as a pearl,
Frail, but a work divine,
Made so fairly well
With delicate spire and whorl;
How exquisitely minute—
A miracle of design!

The tiny shell is forlorn,
Void of the little living will
That made it stir on the shore.
Did he stand at the diamond door
Of his house in a rainbow frill?

Did he push, when he was uncurled,
A golden foot or a fairy horn
Through his dim water world?

Slight, to be crushed with a tap
Of my finger-nail on the sand
Small, but a work divine;
Frail, but of force to withstand,
Year upon year, the shock
Of cataract seas that snap
The three-decker's oaken spine
Athwart the ledges of rock,
Here on the Breton strand!

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

38. THE SHAM KING.—1.

1. Long, long ago, when the world was still young, Sir Reynard the Fox and Sir Martin the Ape began to complain that life was hard, and full of nothing but trouble and vexation.

So discontented were they that they resolved to go and travel in search of better fortune; and they agreed that it would be wise to travel together, for they were a well-matched pair, cunning, and crafty, and sly.

2. "Reynard," said the Ape, "I know what an uncommonly shrewd head there is on those shoulders of yours, and I want you to use it

a little. First of all, how are we to earn our livelihood? Shall we pretend to be tradesmen? There are plenty to choose from—tailors, bakers, plumbers, coppersmiths, chimney-sweeps—hundreds of trades, in fact."

3. Reynard made his plans, and off the pair set next day at dawn. They travelled many a long mile before they met any one on whom they dared to play their wicked tricks. At last, one

afternoon, while they were resting by the roadside, Sir Reynard saw a farmer approaching; and noticing what a simple face the man had, he bade the Ape get up and make ready to play his part.

4. So Sir Martin jumped up, took his stick in his hand, pulled himself together, and began marching along with a military step; while the Fox ran along at his heels, looking as if butter

would not melt in his mouth, so innocent and charming was the smile he wore.

5. When the farmer came up to them, he wondered who this queer stranger could be. He did not remember seeing any one at all like him before, so he said, "Good-day, my man; you are a stranger in these parts, I think. May I ask what your business is?"

6. "Ah, kind gentleman," replied Sir Martin, "I am nothing now, but I was a soldier. I have fought for my country, and shed my blood for my country. Look at the holes in my coat. Swords and bullets made those holes. Look at my arm, broken in battle, so that I can fight no more. Now I have to beg my bread along the roads."

7. "That's a bad business," the farmer answered.

"O kind gentleman," the Ape went on, "cannot *you* help me? If only you would help me, I would work for you night and day. I would be faithful to you in all I did and in all I thought. I would think of you, sir, always—of you only, and never of myself."

8. Then Sir Martin fell to weeping and sobbing, and the farmer began to inquire of him whether he could make himself useful on a farm —whether he knew how to plough, or reap, or

sow, or thrash, or mow, or thatch a rick, or mend a hedge, or dig a ditch.

9. It seemed to the Ape that the jobs the farmer had in his mind all meant hard work, and as hard work was the very last thing he wanted, he tried to slip out of the difficulty by explaining that his wound had left him much too weak to mow, or reap, or thatch, or thrash.

10. Then the farmer asked the Ape if he would like a place as bailiff, or would prefer to look after the cows, or to take charge of a flock of sheep. He himself was just now going to take a look at a flock of sheep he kept at a separate farm, where there was an empty house which the shepherd could have to live in.

11. "The sheep," muttered the Fox—"take the sheep."

"Sir," said the Ape, "before I turned soldier I was shepherd to my father, and you will find few shepherds understand their business better than I." Then he pointed to Sir Reynard, and added, "You see I still have my old sheep-dog. A capital dog he is."

12. So the farmer took Sir Martin to the farm where the sheep were, and gave him the house to live in and the flock to take care of. For six months everything was to be left in the shepherd's hands. Then there was to be a

settling day, when Sir Martin would account for the sheep and the lambs and the wool.

13. Thus Sir Martin turned shepherd, and Sir Reynard turned sheep-dog; and a nice pair they were. They killed and ate the lambs that

were born, and when there were no lambs left they killed and ate the sheep. At last, when the six months were up, they set the house on fire, and ran off to start life once more.

39. THE SHAM KING.—II.

1. For a long time they were as unlucky as they could be, or as they deserved to be, which comes to much the same thing in this case. At last, however, as the pair were limping along a path through the forest, lame with their long travelling, and half starved, whom should they spy but the king of all the beasts, the Lion

himself, fast asleep under the shade of an oak tree!

2. There by his side lay his crown and his sceptre; and as it was a very hot afternoon, he had taken off his grand mane and his robe of state, and had hung them up to keep the sun out of his eyes. His own mane, you must understand, he wore shaved close.

3. At the sight of the sleeping Lion the Ape was so terrified that he turned round, and would have run away had not the Fox caught him by the collar and told him not to be such a coward, for their chance had come at last.

"How? why? what chance?" gasped the Ape, his teeth chattering with fear.

4. "Cannot you see," said the Fox, "that if we steal the crown and sceptre and robe while he's asleep, all the beasts will think we are the king, and will obey us? Then we shall be able to do whatever we like."

5. It required all the Fox's powers of persuasion to induce the Ape to steal the royal regalia. However, he succeeded at last, and the pair carried off the booty to a secret corner in the forest, where the Fox helped the Sham King to don the royal apparel. Then they started off to parade through the forest, so that the wild beasts might see their king in all

his splendour. Thus Sir Martin became King, and Sir Reynard his chief adviser.

6. The Ape sat on the throne, and all the crimes the Fox told him to commit he committed, and between them they misgoverned the beasts so badly that the fairies who lived in the forest could no longer bear the sight. They knew Sir Martin to be only an Ape, though he wore the Lion's robes; and they knew where the real king was hiding, too proud to show himself till he had recovered the crown, the sceptre, and the royal robe which he had lost.

7. In pity for him and for his subjects, the Fairy Queen set all her workmen to work. The moles delved for gold, the silkworms spun their strongest threads at her command, the fairy smiths and weavers toiled day and night till they had made a crown and sceptre and a royal robe and mane such as the king himself could not tell from those which the Ape had stolen. These the Fairy Queen left by night in the cave where the Lion was sleeping.

8. Who then so proud and who so happy as the rightful King of Beasts when day dawned and he awoke and saw restored the treasures he was seeking? Quickly did he don them and start off to the palace, roaring like thunder, so that all the beasts fled before him in terror.

" It required all the Fox's powers of persuasion to induce the Ape to steal the royal regalia."

9. He came to his palace; but the gates were locked, and barred, and guarded. Round and round the walls raged and ramped the noble Lion, roaring till the palace rocked and quivered from the top of the highest tower to the bottom of the deepest dungeon. Far away in the innermost chamber of all the Ape heard the Lion's voice, and springing from his bed in terror fled from room to room in search of a hiding-place.

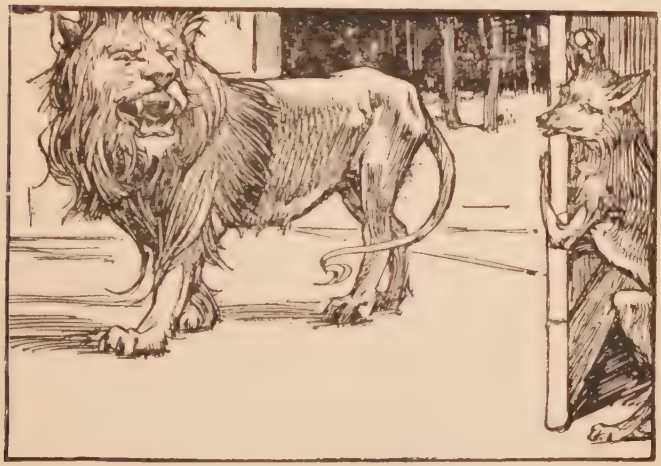
10. While the Lion stood roaring before the gate of his palace, sly Sir Reynard opened an upper window and put his head out and cried,—

"Ah, King Lion, my king, have you indeed returned at last? Oh happy, happy day! O King Lion, if I risk my life by coming down and opening the gate to you, will you forgive poor Reynard? Surely you will."

11. "Open the gate; I forgive you," roared the Lion, "but only if you open the gate at once."

Down slipped Sir Reynard, laughing in his sleeve, and unbarred the gate and threw it open. In dashed the Lion, and then Sir Reynard, who squeezed tears of joy into his eyes, led the king through the palace in search of Sir Martin.

12. The Ape was hurled into the deepest dungeon in the palace, and there he remained



till the Lion had called together all the beasts to see the impostor punished As there was no beast for which the Lion felt greater scorn and contempt than he felt for the Rat, he chose the Rat to be the executioner.

13. The Rat cut off half the Ape's ears, and trimmed what was left of them to a point.

Then the beasts hunted the Ape out into the forest, where he and his descendants have lived ever since. From that day to this there has never been an ape of Sir Martin's family who has dared to live anywhere except up a tree.

14. As for the Fox, the Lion spared his life, but he knew perfectly well that he was dealing with a rogue. Therefore, to punish him for all his wickedness, the Lion drove Sir Reynard out of doors, and forbade him ever to show his face by day. For this reason no fox dare venture out till after dark, nor has any one, either man or beast, ever been found willing to trust a fox or make him his friend.

From "Mother Hubbard's Tale," by Edmund Spenser.

40. ON THE FJORDS.

[*See Frontispiece.*

1. Switzerland, with its huge, snow-crowned mountains and its lovely lakes, has long been known as "the playground of Europe." The fjords of Norway, however, are quite as entrancing, and now attract almost as many tourists as the Rhine and the Alps. Pleasure steamers cross the German Ocean and sail up the fjords, or long, narrow inlets, which frequently penetrate the land for a hundred miles or more

2. The beauty and grandeur of the fjords comes as a great surprise to those who have thought of Norway only as a wild, weather-beaten land. Let us suppose that our steam yacht is sailing up one of these strange valleys filled with the sea. On either hand frowning cliffs overhang the calm water, and beyond them are vast, rugged mountains, which lose their tops in the clouds. Their summits are often covered even in summer with snow, and torrents dash down into the sea, sometimes taking a thousand feet at a single leap.

3. Wherever there is a patch of ground capable of being tilled, there you find a tiny wooden farmhouse, looking for all the world like a painted toy. The height of the mountains dwarfs everything else, and you wonder how human beings can possibly creep into such tiny boxes. Down on the beach (if there is a beach) you see a still smaller box—the boat-house, which is as necessary to the farmer as his stable or cow-house; for the sea is the only road, and his boat is the only carriage to convey him to church or to market.

4. Look! there is a farm perched half-way up the mountain side. You can trace the narrow zigzag path which leads from it down to the boat-house. Sometimes the path consists merely

of steps cut in the rocks, with a slender hand-rail to protect the climber. If he were to lose his footing, he would drop some hundreds of feet sheer down into the dark waters below.

5. Living in such a home, you would expect the children to be carefully watched when at play. But the hard-working mother has so many occupations that she cannot spend her days in merely minding her children. She just ties a rope round her little one's waist and fastens it securely to the door-post. Then baby can roll about at his pleasure, tethered like a young goat to keep him out of danger. Sometimes she carries her little one on her back; you see that the girl in the frontispiece is carrying baby in this way.

6. Nowhere in Norway do you see any waste. Every patch of grass, however small, is cut and made into hay; and wherever there is a bit of good ground amongst the rocks, there you see little potato and corn fields, sometimes no larger than a garden bed. In the wider and more fertile valleys there are thriving farms, busy towns, and pleasant villages; but even there the Norwegians are not rich, and they are obliged to be more careful and hard-working than the people of our own country.

7. In the fields you see ponies drawing tiny

wagons, but you look in vain for the cows. If you wish to find them, you must climb aloft to the mountain pastures, or *sæters*, as they are called. When summer comes, the farmers drive their flocks and herds, sometimes over long and difficult roads, to these green meadows, and keep them there until the hard winter

A FJORD.

comes, when they are brought down again to the shelter of the cow-houses.

8. A drive of two hours or so up the valley of this river will bring us to a *sæter*. Notice the river as our sturdy little pony trots along its bank. It looks as if it were the soapy overflow of some giant's wash-tub. This milky

appearance tells us that the water comes from a glacier at the head of the valley. All glacier streams have this colour, and the fjord has the same tint for some miles along the shore.

9. Now we are near the glacier. On its lower side we see groups of cows standing on the snow and ice. The sun is very hot, and the flies are troublesome, so the cows find the cold glacier most refreshing. Here you see a scattered village of rough wooden huts. Each of the farmers whose houses we passed down below possesses one of these log cabins.

10. Let us enter one of them. We find it occupied by two girls, who are busy making cheese. In the outer room, which is a kind of half-open porch, we see a huge cauldron of milk boiling over a low wood fire. The inner apartment, we notice, is a bedroom and dining-room in one. The girls are very hospitable, and we enjoy the big basin of sweet milk they give us.

11. The girls have a busy time in the *sæters* during the summer, while their fathers and brothers are fully occupied with the crops down below. The long winter, however, will bring leisure and amusement as well. There will be plenty of ice for skating, and plenty of snow for sledging or gliding down the slopes on the long, narrow Norwegian snow-shoes, known as *ski*.

41. HIAWATHA'S CANOE.

[The following lesson is part of a great poem written by the American writer HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW, to describe how the Indians learned the arts of peace. Hiawatha, the hero of the poem, first overcame a giant whose name means Indian Corn, and so gave bread corn to men. Then he taught the Indians how to build canoes and navigate the waters. In the following extracts we are told how the trees gave their bark, branches, fibres, and resin to Hiawatha, in order that he might build his canoe. Hiawatha married "Laughing Water," taught the people picture-writing, and when the white men came to preach the gospel, encouraged his Indian braves to become Christians. Then he departed to "the Land of the Hereafter."]

1. "Give me of your bark, O Birch Tree—
Of your yellow bark, O Birch Tree!
Growing by the rushing river,
Tall and stately in the valley!
I a light canoe will build me,
That shall float upon the river,
Like a yellow leaf in Autumn,
Like a yellow water-lily!

2. "Lay aside your cloak, O Birch Tree!
Lay aside your white-skin wrapper
For the Summer-time is coming,
And the sun is warm in heaven,
And you need no white-skin wrapper
3. Thus aloud cried Hiawatha
In the solitary forest,
When the birds were singing gaily,
In the Moon of Leaves were singing
And the tree with all its branches
Rustled in the breeze of morning,
Saying, with a sigh of patience,
"Take my cloak, O Hiawatha!"
4. With his knife the tree he girdled
Just beneath its lowest branches,
Just above the roots, he cut it,
Till the sap came oozing outward;
Down the trunk, from top to bottom
Sheer he cleft the bark asunder,
With a wooden wedge he raised it,
Stripped it from the trunk unbroken.
5. "Give me of your boughs, O Cedar!
Of your strong and pliant branches,
My canoe to make more steady,
Make more strong and firm beneath me!"
Through the summit of the Cedar
Went a sound, a cry of horror,
Went a murmur of resistance;
But it whispered, bending downward,
Take my boughs, O Hiawatha!"

6. Down he hewed the boughs of cedar,
Shaped them straightway to a framework,
Like two bows he formed and shaped them,
Like two bended bows together.
"Give me of your roots, O Tamarack!
Of your fibrous roots, O Larch Tree!
My canoe to bind together,
So to bind the ends together
That the water may not enter,
That the river may not wet me!"

7. And the Larch, with all its fibres,
Shivered in the air of morning,
Touched his forehead with its tassels,
Said, with one long sigh of sorrow,
"Take them all, O Hiawatha!"
From the earth he tore the fibres,
Tore the tough roots of the Larch Tree,
Closely sewed the bark together,
Bound it closely to the framework.

8. "Give me of your balm, O Fir Tree!
Of your balsam and your resin,
So to close the seams together
That the water may not enter,
That the river may not wet me!"
And the Fir Tree, tall and sombre,
Sobbed through all its robes of darkness,
Rattled like a shore with pebbles,
Answered wailing, answered weeping,
"Take my balm, O Hiawatha!"
And he took the tears of balsam.

Took the resin of the Fir Tree,
Seamed therewith each seam and fissure,
Made each crevice safe from water.

9. "Give me of your quills, O Hedgehog!
I will make a necklace of them,
Make a girdle for my beauty,
And two stars to deck her bosom!"
From a hollow tree the Hedgehog
With his sleepy eyes looked at him,
Shot his shining quills like arrows,
Saying, with a drowsy murmur,
Through the tangle of his whiskers,
"Take my quills, O Hiawatha!"

10. From the ground the quills he gathered,
All the little shining arrows,
Stained them blue and red and yellow,
With the juice of roots and berries;
Into his canoe he wrought them.

11. Thus the Birch Canoe was builded
In the valley, by the river,
In the bosom of the forest;
And the forest's life was in it,
All its mystery and its magic,
All the lightness of the birch tree,
All the toughness of the cedar,
All the larch's supple sinews;
And it floated on the river
Like a yellow leaf in Autumn,
Like a yellow water-lily.

42. DID YOU EVER NOTICE?

1. Do you know that you live in a world full of marvels, and that the most wonderful things are happening beneath your very noses? The commonest plants and animals about us act in a remarkable way; but I am afraid that many of us have "eyes and no eyes," and pass them by unheeded.

2. Do you know that some flowers cannot thrive unless they face the sun all the day long? Take the bold, gay sunflower as an example. In the morning the great yellow flower looks eastward towards the rising sun, at noon it looks upward to the midday sun, and at evening it looks westward to the setting sun.

3. At night many plants close up and go to

sleep. Observe a field where the dandelions shine by the thousand in the daytime; at night, no matter how bright the moonlight may be, there are no golden stars to be seen in the green firmament of the meadow. Not only does the dandelion close when the sun sinks in the evening, but sometimes during the day, when the solar rays are too fierce, the flower shelters itself by closing its petals to form a kind of parasol.

4. Have you ever noticed that many plants have regular hours of opening and closing their petals? Wild roses open between the hours of

four and five in the morning, so as to greet the early rays of the sun. The tulips are later in displaying themselves, and do not open their flowers until between ten and eleven in the forenoon.

5. While the wild rose, like the milkmaid, is up with the lark, the tulip, like a fine town gentleman, is not arrayed in all his glory until the freshness and beauty of the morning

have departed. Some flowers do not open until quite late in the day. The honeysuckle, for example, opens about six in the evening, and it is some time later before the evening primrose and the campion, like fashionable ladies dressed for a ball, appear in their gayest attire.

6. A famous botanist, who had studied the times at which the various plants open and close their flowers, once constructed what he called a floral clock. In one part of his garden he set a number of plants which opened at three in the morning; next to them he grew plants which opened at four o'clock; next to them, again, he planted others that opened at five o'clock; and so on until every hour up to midnight was represented by a group of flowering plants.

7. When he wanted to tell the time, he had to find out the flower-bed in which the plants

had most recently opened their petals. Of course, this was only a pretty and fanciful way of telling the hour. It would never do to try to catch trains by means of a clock of this sort.

8. Did you ever notice that a bee, while gathering honey, does not go from one kind of flower to another, but keeps to the same kind of flower during each journey? She does not go from a petunia to a geranium, and then to a honeysuckle, but confines herself to petunias, or geraniums, or honeysuckles. How wise the insect is!

9. If you catch a bee, you will observe that she is nearly covered with the yellow powder, or pollen, which grows on little spikes in flowers. Many flowers cannot ripen their seeds without the help of pollen from other flowers. The bees and other insects carry the needed pollen from one to the other.

10. Once a gardener had a greenhouse in which during winter he was trying to grow cucumbers. The vines grew well, and bore many

blossoms, but the yellow flowers dropped off without forming fruit. The gardener knew that cucumber vines have two kinds of flowers —large ones which have pollen but do not bear fruit, and small ones that have no pollen but do bear fruit. Have you ever noticed that?

11. He knew that the fruit-making ones could not produce fruit unless some of the pollen from the other blossoms was placed on them. What do you think he did? He got a hive of bees and set them free inside the greenhouse.

12. The bees immediately set to work, getting honey and pollen from the cucumber blossoms. They buzzed from flower to flower, carrying pollen from one to the other, and soon many little cucumbers were growing. Now you see that the bees are important helpers of the farmer and fruit-grower, and that they only take the honey as their pay.

13. I have told you only of a very few of the wonders that are to be seen in the vegetable world about you. There are thousands of others, and if you learn to observe wherever you go, you will find your walks full of interest and instruction. In this way you will reap what the poet Wordsworth calls "the harvest of a quiet eye."

43. MY SOUTH AFRICAN COUSIN'S LETTER.

OUDTSHOORN, CAPE OF GOOD HOPE, *September 18, 1910.*

1. MY DEAR NELLIE,—Yesterday morning, when I saw our sleepy Dutch postman coming towards the farm, something told me that he was bringing a letter from you to me. I get many letters from my colonial friends, but none of them are so bright and interesting as yours, my little English cousin. You are a splendid correspondent, and I hope that you will never disappoint me by missing the mail.

2. So you have all left Cokehampton, and are now settled in a sweet old English village, where you have a poultry yard. I can tell from your letter that you are deeply interested in your hens and chickens. I wish you could see our poultry yard. Our fowls are from six to eight feet high, and our hens lay eggs three pounds in weight. Fancy having one of them for breakfast!

3. Of course you know that our fowls are ostriches, which we keep for the sake of their feathers. The ostrich yields his feathers as readily and as painlessly as the sheep yields his fleece. Formerly, the only way to secure these highly-prized feathers was to hunt and

kill the bird which produced them. Had this wicked and wasteful method continued, the ostrich would soon have become extinct. About the year 1857, however, ostrich-farming was tried, and proved successful. An incubator, or hot room for hatching the eggs, was invented: and now you will find ostrich farms in many parts of this province.

4. Our ostrich farm would be a most interesting sight to you. It is enclosed by a ring fence of strong wire some six feet high, and is subdivided into camps of different sizes. Some of the camps are set apart for the young birds hatched in the incubators, while smaller camps of twenty-five acres are occupied by single pairs of old birds, who can be trusted to hatch and rear their own chicks. The rest of the ostriches roam at will over great fields, each as big as a large English farm.

5. An ostrich egg is as big and as heavy as two dozen ordinary hen's eggs. The nest in which it is laid is merely a hollow a yard or so across, scooped out in a

ON AN OSTRICH FARM.

sandy place. The mother ostrich lays from ten to seventeen eggs, and the parent birds take turns in sitting on them. The young birds do not hatch for six weeks, and during that time the nest is in constant danger from baboons, carrion crows, jackals, and other prowling creatures.

6. When the young ostriches are hatched, they are tended by Kafirs, who act as nurses, supplying their young charges with proper food, and watching carefully that they are not exposed to cold or wet. At sunset, or when the first sign of a coming storm is observed, the Kafir marches his young ostriches off to a warm, dry, well-lighted room, with a clean, sanded floor.

7. Though the ostrich is the largest of all birds, his wings are so small in proportion to his body that he cannot lift himself off the ground. In running he spreads out his wings like sails, and so manages to travel as quickly as an express train. He soon tires, however; and as he runs in zigzags, he may be hunted by men on horseback, who ride straight forward, and thus get within shooting distance.

8. You have no fear in going amongst your fowls, but it is not safe to stroll through our farm without some means of defence. A thorny bush is all that is needed, and with this protection one may walk safely amongst the birds.

An angry male ostrich is a dangerous fellow, so one must be on the watch, and, as soon as the bird charges, ward him off with the bush. He dare not thrust his head among the thorns, and so he keeps on dodging round and round in the hope of catching you unawares.

9. Should the ostrich manage to get close to you, up goes his foot, and he gives a heavy downward kick which would knock down the strongest man, and probably break a few bones. The kick is most dangerous at a height of about four feet, and many people, when suddenly attacked by an ostrich, have saved themselves by lying down flat. The bird cannot then do much harm, but will content himself by sitting upon his enemy until driven off.

10. At the proper season father and the boys, each armed with a thorn branch, drive the full-grown birds into "plucking boxes," which are enclosures just big enough to hold an ostrich, and leave him no room for kicking. Then the business of plucking, or cutting off the long feathers, begins, and is carried on with the greatest care, so as to avoid injuring the birds.

11. The feathers come from the wings and tail of the birds only, the body feathers being small and of little use. The beautiful white plumes, so highly prized by ladies all over the

world, grow in the ends of the wings of the male birds, and are cut off as soon as they arrive at perfection. The black and drab feathers, which are less valuable, are not plucked out until they are ready to be shed.

THE STAMP ON MY SOUTH AFRICAN COUSIN'S LETTER.

12. Now, dear Nellie, I must conclude. By this post I am sending you a white ostrich plume all for yourself. Give our united regards to all at home, and accept the best love of your affectionate cousin,

FANNY.

44. THE CRATCHITS' CHRISTMAS DINNER.—I.

1. Up rose Mrs. Cratchit, Cratchit's wife, dressed out but poorly in a twice-turned gown, but brave in ribbons, which are cheap, and make a goodly show for sixpence; and she laid the cloth, assisted by Belinda Cratchit, the second of her daughters, also brave in ribbons; while Master Peter Cratchit, who was wearing a monstrous shirt collar belonging to his father, plunged a fork into the saucepan of potatoes, and rejoiced to find himself so gallantly attired.

2. And now two smaller Cratchits, boy and

girl, came tearing in, screaming that outside the baker's they had smelt the goose, and known it for their own. Then these young Cratchits danced about the table, while Master Peter Cratchit, whose collar nearly choked him, blew the fire until the slow potatoes bubbling up knocked loudly at the saucepan lid to be let out and peeled.

3. "What has ever got your precious father, then?" said Mrs. Cratchit; "and your brother, Tiny Tim? And Martha wasn't as late last Christmas Day by half an hour!"

"Here's Martha, mother!" said a girl, appearing as she spoke.

4. "Here's Martha, mother!" cried the two young Cratchits. — "Hurrah! there's *such* a goose, Martha!"

"Why, bless your heart alive, my dear, how late you are!" said Mrs. Cratchit, kissing her a dozen times, and taking off her shawl and bonnet for her.

"We'd a deal of work to finish up last night," replied the girl, "and had to clear away this morning, mother."

5. "Well, never mind so long as you are come," said Mrs. Cratchit. "Sit down before the fire, my dear, and have a warm, bless ye!"

"No, no! there's father coming," cried the

"In came little Bob, the father, and Tiny Tim upon his shoulder."

two young Cratchits, who were everywhere at once. "Hide, Martha, hide!"

6 So Martha hid herself, and in came little

Bob, the father, with at least three feet of comforter hanging down before him, and his threadbare clothes darned up and brushed to look seasonable, and Tiny Tim upon his shoulder. Alas for Tiny Tim, he bore a little crutch, and had his limbs supported by an iron frame!

7. "Why, where's our Martha?" cried Bob Cratchit, looking round.

"Not coming," said Mrs. Cratchit.

"Not coming!" said Bob, with a sudden fall in his high spirits; for he had been Tim's horse all the way from church, and had come home rampant—"not coming upon Christmas Day!"

8. Martha didn't like to see him disappointed, even in joke; so she came out from behind the closet door and ran into his arms, while the two young Cratchits hustled Tiny Tim, and bore him off into the wash-house, that he might hear the pudding singing in the copper.

9. "And how did little Tim behave at church?" asked Mrs. Cratchit, when Bob had hugged his daughter to his heart's content.

"As good as gold," said Bob, "and better. Somehow he gets thoughtful, sitting by himself so much, and thinks the strangest things you ever heard. He told me, coming home, that he hoped the people saw him in the church, because he was a cripple, and it might be pleasant

to them to remember upon Christmas Day who made lame beggars walk and blind men see."

10. Bob's voice shook when he told them this, and trembled more when he said that Tiny Tim was growing strong and hearty.

Presently, Master Peter and the two young Cratchits went to fetch the goose, with which they soon returned.

45. THE CRATCHITS' CHRISTMAS DINNER.—II.

1. Mrs. Cratchit made the gravy, which was ready beforehand in a little saucepan, hissing hot; Master Peter mashed the potatoes with wonderful vigour; Miss Belinda sweetened up the apple-sauce; Martha dusted the hot plates; Bob took Tiny Tim beside him in a tiny corner at the table.

2. The two young Cratchits set chairs for everybody, not forgetting themselves; and mounting guard upon their posts, crammed spoons into their mouths, lest they should shriek for goose before their turn came to be helped. At last the dishes were set on the table, and grace was said.

3. It was succeeded by a breathless pause

as Mrs. Cratchit, looking slowly all along the carving-knife, prepared to plunge it into the breast. When she did, and when the long-expected gush of stuffing issued forth, one murmur of delight arose all round the board. Even Tiny Tim, excited by the two young Cratchits, beat on the table with the handle of his knife, and feebly cried, "Hurrah!"

4. There never was such a goose. Bob said he didn't believe there ever was such a goose cooked. Its tenderness and flavour, size and cheapness, were a wonder to them all.

Eked out by apple-sauce and mashed potatoes, it was a sufficient dinner for the whole family; indeed, as Mrs. Cratchit said with great delight (looking at one small atom of a bone upon the dish), they hadn't eaten it all at last!

5. Yet every one had had enough, and the youngest Cratchits, in particular, were steeped in sage and onion to the eyebrows! But now, the plates being changed by Miss Belinda, Mrs. Cratchit left the room alone—too nervous to bear witnesses—to take the pudding up and bring it in.

6. Suppose it should not be done enough! Suppose it should break in turning out! Suppose somebody should have got over the wall in the back-yard and stolen it while they were

merry with the goose! The two young Cratchits almost went black in the face when they thought of what might have happened.

7. Hallo! A great deal of steam! The pudding was out of the copper. A smell like a washing-day! that was the cloth. A smell like an eating-house and a pastry-cook's next door to each other, with a laundress's next

"Mrs. Cratchit entered."

door to that! that was the pudding. In half a minute Mrs. Cratchit entered — flushed, but smiling proudly — with the pudding, like a speckled cannon ball, blazing in half of half a quartern of burning brandy, and bedight with Christmas holly stuck into the top.

8. Oh, a wonderful pudding! Mrs. Cratchit said that, now the weight was off her mind, she

would confess she had her doubts about the quantity of flour. Everybody had something to say about it, but nobody said or thought it was at all a small pudding for a large family. Any Cratchit would have blushed to hint at such a thing.

9. At last the dinner was over, the cloth was cleared, the hearth swept, and the fire made up. A certain compound in a jug being tasted, and considered perfect, apples and oranges were put upon the table, and a shovel full of chestnuts on the fire. Then all the Cratchit family drew round the hearth, in what Bob Cratchit called a circle, meaning half a one. At Bob Cratchit's elbow stood the family display of glass—two tumblers, and a custard-cup without a handle.

10. These held the hot stuff from the jug just as well as golden goblets would have done; and Bob served it out with beaming looks, while the chestnuts on the fire sputtered and cracked noisily. Then Bob proposed,—

"A merry Christmas to us all, my dears. God bless us!"

Which all the family re-echoed.

"God bless us, every one!" said Tiny Tim, the last of all.

Adapted from "A Christmas Carol," by CHARLES DICKENS.

46. THE NAME OF ENGLAND.

1 The trumpet of the battle
Hath a high and thrilling tone,
And the first deep gun of an ocean fight
Dread music all its own.

2. But a mightier power, O England,
Is in that name of thine,
To strike the fire from every heart
Along the bannered line.

3. Proudly it woke the spirits
Of yore, the brave and true,
When the bow was bent on Crecy's field,
And the yeoman's arrow flew.

4. And proudly hath it floated
Through the battles of the sea,
When the red-cross flag o'er smoke-wreaths played
Like lightning in its glee.

5. On rock, on wave, on bastion,
Its echoes have been known;
By a thousand streams the hearts lie low
That have answered to its tone.

6. A thousand ancient mountains
Its pealing note hath stirred;
Sound on and on for evermore,
O thou victorious word!

Felicia Dorothea Hemans.

47. THE ENEMY.

1. Every country has foes, and our own land at various times has had to do its share of fighting against its enemies. A hostile army ready to land on our shores seems a very terrible thing. The following story shows, however, that there is an enemy more to be feared than any army that ever threatened us from a foreign land.

2. "I was once commanded," says an officer who fought in the American Civil War, "to take one hundred picked men and go to General Stonewall Jackson for private orders. When I came up, he rode some distance away from his staff with me, so as not to be overheard.

3. "'Captain, do you drink intoxicating liquors?' he asked.

"'No, sir,' I replied.

"'Well, then, I have some work for you to do, and the success of the battle we are about to fight will depend very much upon your carrying out my orders to the letter. Unless you can resist the temptation to drink, you will be of no use.'

4. "I assured him that he need have no doubts on that point, and he explained what he wished me to do.

"'Do you see that warehouse?' he asked

pointing to a large building at some distance. 'Take your men up to that store, and have all the barrels of bread rolled out and sent down to the railway line, so that my men can get it as they pass.

5. "'Then you must take your picked men into the building, break open the liquor casks,

and spill every drop that you find. You must not save any of it, and on no account are you to let a man taste it. This order you must obey at any cost.'

6. "'One moment, general,' I said, as he turned to ride away. 'Suppose some officer of

higher rank should arrest me, and take possession of the warehouse?'

"He gave me a long and searching look, and replied, 'Until I relieve you in person, you are free from arrest except upon my written order. I fear that liquor more than the whole army opposite,' he added.

7. "I placed guards round the building, and we soon had the bread conveyed to the railway line. Just then a general with his staff rode up, and ordered the guard to admit him or bring him out some liquor. Of course I refused.

8. "He ordered his officers to arrest me; but I explained that General Jackson had given me my orders in person, and had specially protected me from arrest. He then told his party to dismount and enter the building. I, in return, ordered my men to level their rifles.

9. "This made the general halt, in spite of his thirst. He next tried to gain his end by persuasion; but his soft words failed to move me. He then demanded my name, and threatened to report me for disobedience.

10. "How far his desire for drink would have carried him I do not know. Certainly I should never have yielded. Just then another general galloped up to see what was the cause of the

trouble. I explained, and he took my side at once, and ordered off the thirsty squad.

11. "'Have you orders to burn the building?' he asked. I replied that I had not. So without a word he rode off, and in a little while orders came from General Jackson to set fire to the warehouse, and let him know when it was thoroughly destroyed.

12. "I was relieved at this, for it put an end at once to all trouble, and I saw the order carried out to the letter. Not a man got drunk that day, and for the time the foe that Stonewall Jackson most dreaded was rendered powerless for evil."

13. This enemy, strong drink, is the cause of untold mischief in our land. Many men and women give way to it, and become ruined in soul, body, and mind. Our jails and workhouses are full of those who have wrecked themselves by over-indulgence, and our judges tell us that most of the prisoners who come before them have been led into crime by drink.

14. Is it not terrible to think of the sin and misery which are brought about by intoxicating liquor? Thousands of homes have been ruined, and bright lives wasted, by this terrible love of alcohol. "Oh that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains!"

48. DOWN THE LANE AND BACK AGAIN.—I.

1. "Grandpa," cried Elsie, "look at my buttercups."

The old gentleman glanced at them, and murmured, "*Caltha palustris.*"

"I beg your pardon, grandpa," said Elsie; "what did you say?"

"I called them by their book name, my dear, but perhaps *marsh marigolds* will just do as well."

2. "Mother calls them kingcups," said Elsie. "I suppose that is because they are large and golden. But they are buttercups all the same, are they not, grandpa?"

"They are marsh marigolds, my dear," repeated grandpa.

"Well, they did grow in a marshy place. The ground was wet and soft, for, see, my boots are covered with mud."

3. This conversation took place one bright spring morning when Mr. Perkins and his little grand-daughter, who was spending a holiday with him, were strolling down a country lane. As Elsie's home was amidst the smoking chimneys of a great manufacturing city, you may be sure that the fields, the woods, and the lanes

COMMON WILD FLOWERS.

1. Red Clover. 2. Buttercup. 3. Cornflower. 4. Large Daisy. 5. Wild Pansy. 6. Wild Rose. 7. Forget-me-not. 8. Poppy. 9. Snapdragon. 10. Harebells.

near her grandfather's cottage were a source of never ending delight to her.

4. "What was that funny name—cal-something-or-other—you gave to my flowers?" asked Elsie.

"*Caltha palustris*," repeated the old gentleman. "*Palustris* means marshy or marsh-loving, so we may call the plant the marsh-loving caltha."

Caltha palustris.

"I think the marsh-loving buttercup would be a prettier name," said Elsie.

"But the plant is not really a buttercup," explained Mr. Perkins. "Perhaps we shall find some real buttercups in the course of our stroll, and then you will see how they differ from your marsh marigolds."

5. Presently Elsie saw a gleam of yellow at the roadside, and asking grandpa to hold her bunch of marsh marigolds, dashed away towards it.

"I have found the real buttercups this time," she cried excitedly, helping herself to a large bunch of the new flower.

6. "Now, grandpa," she said, as the old gentleman came up, "sit down on this bank, and let me see whether you like butter. No, you don't; at least I cannot tell whether you do or not, for your beard is in the way. Now look at me when I hold the flower under my chin. Is my chin yellow?"

"Yes; as yellow as a buttercup."

"Now, grandpa, you have said it. This flower shows that I like butter, so it must be a buttercup."

7. Grandpa laughed, and fumbled in his pocket. "What a little reasoner you are, Elsie!" he said.

Then he produced a half-sovereign, and held it under Elsie's chin. "There," he said, "your chin looks as yellow as butter! What does that tell you? Is the half-sovereign a buttercup?"

8. Elsie blushed, for she saw that she had made a mistake, and that her grandfather was laughing at her.

"Never mind," said the old gentleman. "Give me one of those flowers, and we will examine it together. Look at the petals. You see that there are seven of them, and that they are not arranged to form a cup, but—"

"A star," added Elsie.

9. "Quite so. Now count the petals in two or three of your flowers."

Elsie bent her head over her task.

"This one has eight, this one seven, this nine, and here is one with eleven."

"Now let us find the sepals," said Mr. Perkins. "Look under the petals: there you see some little green leaves like small green petals. Look amongst your flowers for a bud, and you will soon discover the use of the sepals."

Lesser Celandine.

10. "Oh yes, grandpa," said Elsie. "I see that the sepals are covers to the bud."

"Yes, bud-wrappings. How many sepals can you find in each flower?"

Elsie examined quite a number of flowers, and then said,—

"There seem to be three, and always three."

11. "That is quite right. Now look at the pretty yellow fringe within the petals. The fringe consists of the stamens, and you see that they are very numerous. See, I rub them on the sleeve of my black coat, and a yellow dust called pollen comes off them. Now try to re-

member that your flower has three sepals, from seven to eleven petals, and many stamens."

12. "But you have not yet told me the name of it," said Elsie.

"Ah! to be sure," remarked the old gentleman. "Its name is the Lesser Celandine, or the lesser swallow-flower, and it is so called because it flowers about the time when the swallows return. The poet Wordsworth loved the lesser celandine, and wrote several poems in its praise. I will give you one of them to read.

13. "There's a long lecture for you," said grandpa in conclusion. "But come, my child, let us return. It is dinner time, and we must not keep granny waiting."

49. DOWN THE LANE AND BACK AGAIN.—II.

1. As Elsie's visit to her grandfather was likely to last for nearly two months, it was decided that she should go to the village school during the remainder of her stay.

2. I cannot pretend that Elsie was very pleased at this suggestion. She had sufficient curiosity to wish to see what a country school was like, but she shrank from the thought of

meeting an entirely new set of schoolmates. However, she was a brave little girl; so she braced herself up, and said, "Yes, grandpa:" whereupon the matter was settled.

3. Elsie could now distinguish marsh marigolds from celandines. She had compared them frequently, and had found out for herself that the marsh marigolds had no petals. When her grandpa saw that she was bent on making discoveries of her own, he was greatly pleased.

4. On Monday morning Elsie went to school, and at tea-time she returned in a state of great excitement.

"O grannie," she said, "I think I shall like the school, for what do you think?—I am sure you will never guess—we have had a lesson this afternoon on a buttercup. Where is grandpa? I must tell him what I have learned."

5. "Your grandpa is out on business," said her grandmother; "but I shall be very glad to listen to you. While I cut the bread and make the toast, you can tell me all about your lesson."

6. "You dear, good granny," said Elsie, "I will. Well, here is my buttercup; it is not quite like a celandine, you know. It has divided leaves; the flower has five sepals, five petals, many stamens, and in the middle is a little green ball

made up of ever so many tiny things, called carpels, because they grow into fruit.

7. "I used to think that celandines and marsh marigolds were buttercups, but I know better now. The celandine has only three sepals, while the buttercup has always five. But the celandine makes up for its few sepals by having seven or eight, or even more, petals. Oh, I must tell grandpa—"

8. "What?" asked a voice, and there was grandpa. He had come in quietly, and neither Elsie nor her grandma had heard his approach.

Elsie was just about to begin all over again, when her grandpa said, "Not a word until after tea. Then we will go down the lane and visit a friend of mine, a little cripple boy. He knows the names of all the flowers that grow for a mile round here, and many other things besides."

9. The sun was near the horizon, the long shadows of the trees lay across the lane and stretched far into the fields on the eastern side, when Elsie and her grandpa set out. As they walked along, Elsie told her grandpa what she had learned about buttercups that afternoon in school. Then he took some flowers from a little tin box which he carried in his hand.

"What are these, Elsie?" he asked.

Elsie looked at them closely. "Oh, I know," she said. "They are my poor marsh marigolds with all their petals gone."

10. "Quite right But how do you know them?"

"Well, the large shiny leaves and thick stalks tell me something."

"Yes; and what do you notice about the flowers?"

"Only the carpels are left."

"These carpels are not like buttercup carpels, are they?" asked Mr. Perkins.

"No," said Elsie; "they are like little pea-pods all in a bunch."

11. Mr. Perkins told her to open one of the pods; and when Elsie obeyed, she cried, "Just like little peas inside, too."

"Yes, but the pea-pods grow singly, one from each flower; while these are always in bunches, several from each flower. What do you think the little peas are?"

12. Elsie answered correctly that they were seeds. Then her grandfather took an old buttercup in which the carpels had grown large. He cut a carpel with his penknife, and squeezed out just one seed.

"Is there always one seed in each?" asked Elsie.

"I think you will find it so," replied her grandpa; "but the best way to get an answer to your question is to try a large number of carpels for yourself."

13. Presently they passed a bank of celandines, and Mr. Perkins, producing a small trowel from his pocket, dug up a little plant.

"Oh, what funny roots!" exclaimed Elsie; "just like big grains of rice."

"Or little potatoes," suggested her grandpa.

"I never knew that before," said Elsie. "Buttercup roots are not the same, are they?"

"Let us try."

14. As they passed along, Mr. Perkins went into a field, and dug up a buttercup by the root.

Bulbous Ranunculus.

"Now," he said, "what is this like?"

"Why, it is just like a little onion," said Elsie promptly.

15. "Yes," said Mr. Perkins; "it is what we call a bulb. But here is the cottage where my little friend lives. I will put these roots into my box, and we will talk about them another time."

50. DOWN THE LANE AND BACK AGAIN.—III.

1. Mr. Perkins tapped gently at the cottage door, which was opened by a pale but cheerful-looking lad, who seemed delighted to see the old gentleman. He was, however, inclined to hang back when he saw Elsie. It did not take Mr. Perkins long to overcome the boy's shyness and set him at his ease. In a few minutes the lad was chatting gaily.

2. "Now, Charlie," said Mr. Perkins, "I want you to show Elsie some of your pictures."

Charlie picked up his crutch and crossed the room to a drawer, from which he produced a large number of sheets of paper. When these were spread out on the table, Elsie's eyes glistened; for she saw a beautiful array of coloured drawings, representing all the wild-flowers she had ever seen, and many more besides.

3. Elsie was charmed with the pictures, and full of admiration for the little artist. She examined his little box of colours, and learned that every drawing had been made from real plants. Meanwhile, grandpa sorted out some half-dozen sheets, and set them out in a row.

4. "Oh," said Elsie, as her eye fell upon the first sheet, "my own buttercup!"

Yes, there was a drawing of a plant exactly like the one they had dug up in the field close by. There was the bulb with roots growing from its base, a somewhat stout stem rising straight up, with a few much-divided leaves and an open flower, together with several buds on branches of different lengths. By the side was a drawing of a flower from which all but the carpels forming the fruit had fallen away.

Creeping Ranunculus.

5. The next sheet showed a buttercup plant with a horizontal stem, out of which grew leaves with very long stalks, the leaf-blades being much less divided, and of a darker colour.

"That," explained Mr. Perkins, "is the Creeping Ranunculus."

"What a long name!" said Elsie. "It is a buttercup, is it not? I am sure I have seen buttercups growing like this one."

6. "You are quite right, little girl. Ranunculus is a name given to several kinds of butter-

cups. The drawing on the first sheet represents the Bulbous Ranunculus."

"I see," said Elsie: "the bulbous ranunculus has a bulb, and the creeping ranunculus has a stem that creeps along the ground like a strawberry runner."

It was quite amusing to notice the pride with which Elsie rolled out the long Latin name.

7. "Can you see any difference between the flowers of these two buttercups?" asked her grandfather.

Elsie looked and looked again, but failed to perceive any difference.

"Look at the sepals," said her grandfather. Then in a flash Elsie saw that the sepals of the bulbous plant were turned back against the flower-stalk, while in the flower of the other plant they curved upwards with the petals.

8. "Do they really turn back like that in the bulbous buttercup?" she asked.

Mr. Perkins produced a specimen from his box, and Elsie saw with her own eyes that the drawing was an exact copy of the real plant.

"We have some creeping buttercups at the bottom of the garden," said Charlie; and seizing his crutch, he hopped off, and presently returned

with a specimen in flower. Again Elsie saw that the drawing was perfectly accurate, and she felt a little ashamed that she had doubted the correctness of Charlie's pictures.

9. On the third sheet was a drawing of a tall, straggling buttercup with very handsome leaves.

"This is a poisonous buttercup," said Mr. Perkins; "the cows will not eat it until it is dead and dried with the hay."

Then followed a drawing of the lesser celandine, with its star-like flowers and little tubers, and after that a capital picture of the now familiar marsh marigolds.

10. "Now," said Mr. Perkins, "we have stayed a long time, and I am sure Charlie is tired."

Elsie warmly thanked the little artist, and wished him "Good-night;" while her grandfather spoke a few words to the boy's mother, who had just returned from market.

11. Many a similar talk and walk did Elsie and her grandfather enjoy during the delightful season "when spring unlocks the flowers to paint the laughing soil." Everywhere Mr. Perkins showed Elsie beautiful and interesting plants of which she knew nothing, though she had often passed by many of them with

unseeing eyes. Elsie returned to her town home a wiser and happier child, and looked forward eagerly to the time when she should resume her rambles with her kind companion and instructor.

EDWARD SNELGROVE.

51. TO THE LESSER CELANDINE.*

1. Pansies, lilies, kingcups, daisies,
Let them live upon their praises;
Long as there's a sun that sets,
Primroses will have their glory;
Long as there are violets,
They will have a place in story:
There's a flower that shall be mine,
'Tis the little celandine.

2. Ere a leaf is on a bush,
In the time before the thrush
Has a thought about her nest,
Thou wilt come with half a call,
Spreading out thy glossy breast
Like a careless prodigal;
Telling tales about the sun,
When we've little warmth, or none.

* Common pilewort.

3. Comfort have thou of thy merit
Kindly, unassuming spirit!
Careless of thy neighbourhood,
Thou dost show thy pleasant face
On the moor, and in the wood,
In the lane;—there's not a place,
Howsoever mean it be,
But 'tis good enough for thee.

4 Ill befall the yellow flowers,
Children of the flaring hours
Buttercups that will be seen,
Whether we will see or no;
Others, too, of lofty mien;
They have done as worldlings do,
Taken praise that should be thine,
Little, humble celandine.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

52. ART AND ARTISTS.—I.

1. There was once a boy who, having read "Robinson Crusoe," could not forget it, and fancied he should like to do as Robinson Crusoe did; only he could not arrange beforehand to be shipwrecked on a desolate island and left all to himself till Man Friday came.

2. However, this boy got some pieces of wood, a chopper, a hammer, and some nails,

and built himself a hut in the garden. Into this hut he used to go, and pretend to himself that he was shipwrecked on a desolate island.

3. Though he had plenty to eat and drink indoors, in his father's house, he used to make believe to himself that he was in want of food; and so he set traps for sparrows, and shot at them with a toy gun (which he called a fowling-piece), and set some Indian corn, which never came up, because he was always pulling it about.

4. Now this boy had a sister, who had been looking into her father's books. One day she came to her father, and said,—

"Papa, what is Art?"

And papa made answer,—

"Art, dear, is make-believe."

"Then, papa, I suppose Tom is an Artist when he makes believe that he is Robinson Crusoe in the garden?" said the little girl.

5. Was he really? Perhaps you think that is too difficult a question to answer. Let us look at this subject a little, and we shall find it not so hard as it seems. You may have both heard and read of art and artists, and if not, you will some day, and it may help you then if you remember what we are now going to talk about.

A GREAT PICTURE—THE ANGELS.

(By Sir Joshua Reynolds, President of the Royal Academy; born 1723, died 1792.)

All the five faces shown in the picture are representations of the same face seen from different points of view.

6. If an artist is a man who makes believe, and if that little boy was making believe when he pretended to himself that he was Robinson

Crusoe in the garden, why was not that art, and why was he not an artist?

7. The first, out of many reasons, that we will talk over is this, that the boy was *only* imitating. If you look at a good picture of a dog, such as the one on page 194, you are more pleased (unless there is special reason to the contrary) than you would be if you looked only at the shadow or reflection of a dog in a looking-glass.

8. There was once a sailor in a Chinese port who wanted a new pair of trousers made. Now the Chinese can imitate anything very cleverly; so the sailor sent his own patched trousers to a Chinaman, along with some cloth, and said, "Make me a pair of trousers like the pattern I have sent." I am sure you can guess what the Chinaman did: he made an exact copy of the pattern, with all the patches in it. Art is make-believe, which shows us things made after the patterns there are in the world, but it is not copying like that of the Chinese tailor.

9. This tailor copied the patched trousers, and sent the job home, just as if he thought (as he did think) that trousers were *intended* to be patched. But though an artist may make a picture, or a statue, or a tale, or a poem, in which he puts a broken-hearted woman or a

wicked man, he must not do this as if he thought women were *intended* to be broken-hearted, or men to be wicked; because if he did, his work would turn out ugly, and nothing can be a work of art that is not beautiful.

10. The second reason is this—that the Robinson Crusoe boy was only making believe to himself for *his own* pleasure. But now we will look about us a little. I need not tell you about the greatness of the world and the heavens, and the millions upon millions of people who exist, and all the beautiful things there are to see and hear, and all the things that happen every day of our lives. But nobody can think of all these things at once; and yet we are so made that it pleases us and does us good to see some of them *done over again*, as you may call it, in make-believe.

11. When you have once seen a flower or a kind face, it pleases you to see a painting of it; and when you read a story, it pleases you, because it is something that you know done over again. Now one great reason why this kind of make-believe does us good is, that it brings things together in our minds that we should never bring together for ourselves.

12. Nobody can see everything, but each person sees a piece or two out of everything.

A GREAT PICTURE—A DISTINGUISHED MEMBER OF THE HUMANE SOCIETY.

(By Sir Edwin Landseer, R.A., born 1802, died 1873.)

Now it helps us to know better the things God has made, if things which we might not think of putting together and doing over again in make-believe are put together and made over again for us by those whom God has made skilful in this kind of work.

13. And there are a good many of such people—people who are fonder of this kind of make-believe than of anything else; who will give up pleasure of all other sorts—money, fine clothes, fine houses, rich food, ease, safety—if they can only succeed in the make-believe which we call art. We can never explain why it is so, but it is certain that poets, and painters, and sculptors, and musicians, and all the others (such as people who write good stories), care for this make-believe so much that they always prefer it to what some would call their own interests.

53. ART AND ARTISTS.—II.

1. The man who is what we call an artist does not, in making what we call works of art, seek what we call pleasure. His work is often painful to him, and yet he goes on with it, and his one wish is to make it perfect. He could

not tell you why he was fonder of perfect make-believe than of anything else; but the one thing that above all things makes a man what we call an artist is that he loves his make-believe for its own sake—not for pleasure or profit, but for itself.

2. You will not, all of you, understand this without turning it over in your own minds a good deal; but if you notice other boys and girls, even when they are very young, you will observe a great difference in them as regards the way in which they do work. Whenever we see anybody in love with *any* work, so that he cannot bear not to do it as well as possible, even though he may be in pain, or may be badly paid for it, or not paid at all, or knows that he will get no praise for it, we say, and rightly, that he does his work in an artistic spirit.

3. And when we wish to praise a thing that is even ugly, and yet done as if the person who did it had, while he was about it, cared for nothing so much as making it perfect, we very often say, "Really, it is quite a work of art." Thus it will be making the matter as plain to you as I can if I say that there are men and women born into the world who love more than anything to work at serious make-believe of the kinds we call beautiful.

4. Some are skilful in picking out and putting different sounds together into melodies and harmonies. Melody, you must know, is one thread of notes; harmony is two or more differing threads twisted together so that they make beautiful chords. These makers of harmony and melody we call musicians. Some are skilful in putting words together in time or rhyme, or both, in such ways that they make us see or feel over again something that affects us; and these, you know, are poets.

5. Others are very skilful in picking out and mixing over again in a beautiful make-believe certain kinds of shapes or colours; and these are painters or sculptors. Then suppose you think of a sad or joyful story: the painter could paint part of it; the sculptor could carve part of it in stone; the musician could make music about it, which you would at once know was either sad or joyful; the poet might make beautiful verses about it; and the story-teller might put it into prose in such a way that all the persons who read it would be affected by it, and not only a few persons who happened at first to know of it.

6. This is the last thing I shall try to make you understand about art. If you were to read in a book that "art speaks a universal

A GREAT PICTURE—THE HAY WAIN.

(By John Constable, R.A.: born 1776, died 1837.)

language," you would not understand it at all; but you will understand it a little if I put it this way. There may be a story which shall be affecting: it may make us laugh or make us cry, or both, if we know certain things about the people in it or about how it happened; but it will not make everybody, or a very large number, laugh or cry at it if they do not know what *we* know.

7. Yet a man who is skilful in the make-believe that we call art will be able to tell that story in such a way that hundreds of thousands of people shall laugh and cry at it though they have none of our knowledge.

8. So it happens that men who were poets, painters, musicians, sculptors, and story-tellers, have made for us beautiful poems and stories, beautiful statues, beautiful pictures, and beautiful pieces of music; and though this is all make-believe, and doing over again something which was done already, it not only does us good by giving us very great pleasure, but it teaches us things about the world and each other that we never knew before.

9. That is because, as I have said, it is not mere copying, like that of the Chinese tailor, or just an image like one in a looking-glass; for the man we call the artist has put the different

parts of his work together as *we* never saw them before: and so we have fresh thoughts and feelings about them, as if another world had been made for us out of the very world we know so well.

From "Lilliput Lectures," by W. B. Rands.
(By permission of Mr. James Bowden.)

54. THE INSPIRATION.

1. The sun, down-sloping in the west,
Made gold the evening air;
The sight went into the painter's breast
And grew to a picture fair.

2. The mother murmured to her child
And hushed it yet again;
The sound, as the musician smiled,
Grew music in his brain.

3. The damsel turned her hair to bind,
A flower was in her zone;
There grew from out the sculptor's mind
A damsel carved in stone.

4. The song was sung, the tune was played,
The girl in marble stood,
The sunset in the picture stayed,
And all was sweet and good.

5. And God, who made these things to be
The damsel and the sun,
Colour and sound and you and me,
Was pleased to see it done.

W. B. Rands.

55. HOW TOM AND ELLEN KEPT HOUSE.—I.

1. *Rat-a-tat-tat!* It was the postman, who handed in a letter addressed to Mrs. Stevens. She read it hastily, and then said to Ellen and Tom, her two children: "My dears, I must put on my bonnet at once and go to nurse your Aunt Mary, who is seriously ill. I do not expect to be back before evening, so you must keep house for me."

2. The children were highly delighted at the prospect, and as soon as their mother had gone they began to discuss their household arrangements.

"The first thing to do," said Ellen, "is to wash the breakfast things; that is, I shall wash and you will wipe. Then I shall go upstairs and make the beds, while you fill the coal-scuttle and chop firewood for to-morrow."

3. "Wouldn't it be best," said Tom, "to make the beds first and have done with them?"

"O Tom, how ignorant you are! What does a boy know about managing a house? Let me give you a lesson, sir. Beds should have the clothes taken off, and be left for an hour or two to air with the bedroom windows open, before they are made. A pretty mess you would have made of things if mother had left you to look after the house by yourself."

4. Tom wisely said nothing in answer to his sister's rebuke, but took off his coat and rolled up his shirt sleeves preparatory to "washing up." He filled a large basin half full of hot water from the kettle, and Ellen, having put on a large, coarse apron, washed the breakfast things and set them to drain. Then Tom wiped them dry, and arranged them on the dresser—hanging the cups and the milk-jugs on the hooks, and propping up the plates and saucers against the wall. The spoons and knives were polished and put away, and then Ellen was ready for her duties upstairs.

5. She had often helped her mother, so that she knew how to arrange the bedclothes quite neatly, and dust the rooms, and put everything in its place. She took so long over this work that when she came downstairs Tom had not only filled the coal-scuttle and chopped the fire-

wood, but had found time to feed his rabbits as well.

6. "Now," said Tom, "we had better see about dinner at once."

"Yes, perhaps we had," replied Ellen. "Let me see what there is in the larder. Oh, here's some cold beef left over from yesterday; that will do famously. I wonder what sort of a carver you will make, Master Tom."

7. "Oh, I shall manage all right, never fear," said Tom. "But what sort of a pudding shall we have? that's what I want to know. I vote we have an apple tart."

"Mother said we were to have a rice pudding, so that's decided. She took a pint and a half extra milk on purpose. Now, while I peel the potatoes, you poke the fire well under the oven and up the sides of it."

8. Tom began stoking away with all his might, and soon the fire was a black heap of coal. Then he got the bellows, and blew, and blew, and blew until it was burning brightly again. Meanwhile Ellen had put on a very puzzled look. "I really can't remember," she said, "whether you put the potatoes into cold or into boiling water. It's either hot water for new potatoes and cold water for old ones, or else it's cold for new and hot for old."

9. "'If they're old, put them in cold'—that's poetry," remarked Tom.

"But it isn't right!" Ellen shook her head. "No; I shall put them in hot water."

"Then you'll get into hot water yourself," said Tom, and, strange to say, he was right.

Ellen got the potato-saucepan, the small one

with a cover, set it on the hob, and went off to peel the potatoes in the back kitchen.

10. When Tom was quite satisfied with the fire, he placed the saucepan over the flame. In a minute or two Ellen came running in.

"What ever is that smell of burning?" she

exclaimed. "Why, I declare you have put an empty saucepan on the fire! Take it off at once, or the bottom will be burned out of it."

Tom snatched the scorched saucepan off the fire.

"Empty! why, I thought you had put the water in it to boil before you put in the potatoes."

11. "Ye-es," said Ellen, "I meant to; but after I got the saucepan down, I remembered that you were right, and the potatoes needed cold water. I didn't want to dirty the sink or the floor, so I put the saucepan on the hob, but I never thought you would be so silly as to put it on the fire. Mother will be so vexed."

"You're a pretty housekeeper!" said Tom, by way of comfort, and Ellen was too crestfallen to reply.

56. HOW TOM AND ELLEN KEPT HOUSE.—II.

1. Ellen went back and finished peeling the potatoes; then she placed them in the saucepan with cold water, but forgot to add the salt.

"Look here," said Tom, "there are going to be no more mistakes about this cooking. I'm going to make the pudding *myself*."

"Yes, do," said Ellen, "if you know how."

2. "If I know how!" repeated Tom scornfully. "Why, I should think any fellow who has eaten a rice pudding could make one. It's as easy as tumbling off a ladder."

Then he went on very rapidly, "You just butter the tin, put in the rice and the sugar and the milk, grate some nutmeg over the top to make the nice skin, and—there you are."

3. "What will you make it in?" asked Ellen —"the old pudding-tin or the new pie-dish?"

"The old tin," said Tom. "I don't want to have an accident with mother's new pie-dish."

"Very well, then; while you make the pudding, I'll run into the garden to water the plants."

Then Tom began to gather together all the things he thought he would require — the pudding-tin, a plate of butter, a knife, a bag of rice, the sugar-basin, and the spice-box.

4. Then he began to grease the tin with butter, and found it no easy matter, especially as he did it with the point of a knife. However, he managed at last to get a thin coating of butter over most of the inside of the tin.

"Now for the rice," he said; and he poured all the rice in the bag, which contained just a pound, into the tin. Then he added two table-

spoonfuls of sugar, poured in the milk, and grated some nutmeg over the top.

"This is going to be a first-class pudding, and no mistake," said Tom.

5. The oven was nice and hot, so he popped in the pudding, shut the oven door, and mopped his forehead with his handkerchief. Then he thought he would take a turn in the garden; but first he looked at the potatoes. They were bubbling furiously; but as the water was low, Tom filled up the saucepan with cold water. Then he joined Ellen in the garden, and they played about for half an hour.

6. "Now, Tom," said Ellen, "it is high time we went back to see how the dinner is getting on." They went into the kitchen, and Ellen flew to the saucepan. She was only just in time, for most of the water had boiled away, and the potatoes were in little pieces.

"Oh dear, oh dear," she said, "I'm afraid this will not do at all!"

Meanwhile Tom had opened the oven, and was looking ruefully at the pudding.

7. "I say, Ellen," he remarked, "look here. What ever is the matter with the rice pudding?"

It was an extraordinary sight. It had swollen up over the edges of the tin, and was burned black all round. The milk had dried

up, and the rice was baked hard and brown at the top.

"Why, Tom," said Ellen, "how much rice did you put in?"

"Oh, all there was. I couldn't put more than that, you know."

8. "O Tom, you've put far too much rice in it. The pudding's ruined!"

You never saw two more miserable children in all your life. Ellen began to cry. She had expected everything to turn out beautifully, and she was bitterly disappointed. They sat down to dinner, and a dreadful dinner it was.

There was plenty of good cold beef, but the tasteless potato soup spoiled it; and neither of the children could eat the rice pudding, which was as hard as a brickbat.

9. When Mrs. Stevens returned in the evening, she was met by two very shamefaced little mortals, and soon guessed what was the matter.

"Ellen," she said, as they were washing up after a late tea, "I thought you could boil potatoes, but you boiled yours all to bits. You should remember that the largest potato rarely requires more than half an hour to cook, after the water boils, and that twenty minutes is generally enough for the moderately-sized ones. The water should boil gently all the time. I hope you will remember that."

10. Then she turned to Tom, the maker of the brickbat rice pudding.

"You should have put half a teacupful of rice to a pint and a half of milk, and then your pudding would have been very nice. The oven should not be too hot, and you should stir the pudding up a few times after putting it in. Boys are not expected to know much about cooking, but no boy should undertake to make a rice pudding unless he knows how.

11. "Never mind, children," she added, looking at their disconsolate faces; "the wisest of us

"'*Ellen,*' *she said,* '*I thought you could boil potatoes.*'"

make mistakes, and it is by our mistakes that we learn our best lessons. You will both do better next time, I have no doubt."

And that is my opinion too.

57. THE HERITAGE.

1 The rich man's son inherits lands,
And piles of brick and stone and gold
And he inherits soft white hands,
And tender flesh that fears the cold.
Nor dares to wear a garment old—
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

2. What doth the poor man's son inherit?
Stout muscles and a sinewy heart,
A hardy frame, a hardier spirit:
King of two hands, he does his part
In every useful toil and art—
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

3. O rich man's son, there is a toil
That with all others level stands;
Large charity doth never soil,
But only whiten, soft white hands.
This is the best crop from thy lands—
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being rich to hold in fee.

4 What doth the poor man's son inherit?
A patience learned of being poor:
Courage, if sorrow come, to bear it.
A fellow-feeling that is sure
To make the outcast bless his door—

A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

5. O poor man's son, scorn not thy state;
There is worse weariness than thine,
In merely being rich and great.
Toil only gives the soul to shine,
And makes rest fragrant and benign—
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being poor to hold in fee.

6. Both, heirs to some six feet of sod,
Are equal in the earth at last;
Both, children of the same dear God
Prove title to your heirship vast
By record of a well-filled past—
A heritage, it seems to me,
Well worth a life to hold in fee.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

58. THE STORY OF CORDELIA.—I.

1. Lear, King of Britain, had three daughters: Goneril, wife to the Duke of Albany; Regan, wife to the Duke of Cornwall; and Cordelia, a young maid, for whose love the King of France and the Duke of Burgundy were seeking, and for that purpose were at this time making stay in the court of Lear.

2. The king, who was more than fourscore years old, and was worn out with age and the fatigues of government, determined to take no further part in state affairs, but to leave the management to younger rulers, that he might have time to prepare for death, which he knew must happen before long.

3. With this intent he called his three daughters to him, to know from their own lips which of them loved him best, that he might part his kingdom among them in such proportions as their affection for him should seem to deserve.

4. Goneril, the eldest, declared that she loved her father more than tongue could tell; that he was dearer to her than the light of her own eyes, dearer than life and liberty, and much more of such pretence. The king, delighted to hear how much she loved him, and thinking truly that her heart went with her fine words, bestowed upon her and her husband one-third of his ample kingdom.

5. Then calling to him his second daughter, he asked what she had to say. Regan, who was made of the same hollow metal as her sister, declared that what her sister had spoken came short of the love which she bore for His Highness—insomuch that she found all other

joys dead in comparison with the pleasure which she took in the love of her dear king and father.

6. Lear blessed himself in having such loving children, as he thought; and could do no less, after the handsome assurances which Regan had made, than bestow upon her and her husband a third of his kingdom, equal in size to that which he had already given away to Goneril.

7. Then turning to his youngest daughter, Cordelia, whom he called his joy, he asked what she had to say—thinking, no doubt, that she would gladden his ears with the same loving speeches which her sisters had uttered. Indeed, he expected that her expressions would be much stronger than theirs, as she had always been his darling, and favoured by him above either of them.

8. But Cordelia was disgusted with the flattery of her sisters, whose hearts, she knew, were far from their lips. She saw that all their fine speeches were only intended to wheedle the old king out of his dominions, that they and their husbands might reign in his lifetime. She therefore made no other reply but this, that she loved His Majesty according to her duty, neither more nor less.

'This plainness of speech enraged the old monarch.'

9. The king was so shocked that he desired his favourite child to consider her words, and to mend her speech, lest it should mar her fortunes.

Cordelia then told her father that he was her father; that he had given her breeding, and loved her; that she returned those duties back as was most fit, and did obey him, love him, and most honour him; but that she could not frame her mouth to such large speeches as her sisters had done, or promise to love nothing else in the world.

10. Why had her sisters husbands, if (as they said) they had no love for anything but their father? If she should ever wed, she was sure the lord to whom she gave her hand would want half of her love, half of her care and duty; she should never marry like her sisters, and love her father all.

11. This plainness of speech, which Lear called pride, so enraged the old monarch that in a fury he shared the third part of his kingdom, which he had reserved for Cordelia, equally between her two sisters and their husbands, the Dukes of Albany and Cornwall.

12. He now called them to him, and in presence of all his courtiers handed over to them the government of his country, only retaining

to himself the name of king. It was then arranged that the old king, with a hundred knights for his attendants, should be maintained by monthly course in each of his daughters' palaces in turn.

59. THE STORY OF CORDELIA.—II.

1. When Lear had thus given up his power to his daughters' husbands, his courtiers were filled with astonishment and sorrow; but none of them had the courage to interfere, except the Earl of Kent, who was beginning to speak a good word for Cordelia, when the angry Lear, on pain of death, commanded him to desist.

2. The good Kent, however, was not so to be silenced. He said he would answer with his life and his judgment that Lear's youngest daughter did not love her father least, and that her plain speaking was only caused by the hollowness and flattery of her two sisters.

3. The honest freedom of this good Earl of Kent only stirred up the king's wrath the more, and he banished this true servant, and allowed him but five days to make his preparations for departure. Then Kent bade farewell to the king, and said that, since he chose

to show himself in such fashion, it was but banishment to stay in the land.

4. The King of France and the Duke of Burgundy were now called in, and were asked whether they would persist in their courtship to Cordelia, now that she was under her father's displeasure and had no fortune. The King of France took this young maid by the hand, and saying that her virtues were a dowry above a kingdom, bade Cordelia to take farewell of her sisters, and of her father, though he had been unkind, and she should go with him, and be queen of him and of fair France.

5. Then Cordelia with weeping eyes took leave of her sisters, and begged them to love their father well. She was no sooner gone than the wicked nature of her sisters began to show itself in its true colours. Even before the end of the first month, which Lear was to spend by agreement with his eldest daughter Goneril, the old king began to find out the difference between promises and performances.

6. This wretch, having got from her father all that he had to bestow, even to the giving away of the crown from off his head, began to grudge even the hundred knights he had reserved to himself, to please his fancy with the idea of being still a king.

7. Every time she met her father she put on a frown; and when the old man wanted to speak with her, she would pretend sickness, or anything to be rid of the sight of him. At last she plainly told her father that his staying in her palace was inconvenient so long as he had a hundred knights about him; and she prayed him that he would lessen their number.

8. Lear at first could not believe that she who had received a crown from him could seek to cut off his train and grudge him the respect due to his old age. But she persisting in her undutiful demand, the old man's rage was so terrible that he cursed her; and he bid his horses to be prepared, for he would go to his other daughter, Regan, he and his hundred knights.

9. Meanwhile the good Earl of Kent had returned in disguise, and dressed like a serving-man, and calling himself Caius, had become the king's attendant. Lear now sent his servant Caius with letters to his daughter, that she might be prepared to receive him, while he and his train followed after. But it seems that Goneril had been beforehand with him, sending letters also to Regan, advising her not to receive so great a train as he was bringing with him.

10. When Lear arrived and made inquiry for his daughter and her husband, he was told

they were weary with travelling all night, and could not see him. The old king was very angry, and insisted that they should see him. They therefore came to greet him, and who should he see in their company but the hated Goneril, who had come to tell her own story, and set her sister against the king her father!

60. THE STORY OF CORDELIA.—III.

1. Lear was mistaken in expecting kinder treatment of Regan than he had received from her sister Goneril. As if willing to outdo her sister, she declared that she thought fifty knights too many to wait upon him; that five-and-twenty were enough.

2. Then Lear, nigh heartbroken, turned to Goneril, and said that he would go back with her; for her fifty doubled five-and-twenty, and so her love was twice as much as Regan's. But Goneril excused herself, and said, what need of so many as five-and-twenty, or even ten, or five, when he might be waited upon by her servants or her sister's servants?

3. So these two wicked daughters, as if they strove to exceed each other in cruelty to their old father who had been so good to them, by

little and little would have taken away from him all his train, all that was left him to show that he had once been a king! So terrible was the king's anger, and so bitterly did he feel the ingratitude of his daughters, that his wits became unsettled, and calling for his horses, he went forth into the tempest that was then raging.

4. Alone he set out, and presently was found by his servant Caius, exposed to all the fury of the storm, on a wild, unsheltered heath. During the night the poor king became quite mad. He raved terribly against his daughters' ill-usage; and the next day the good Caius, who was, you will remember, the Earl of Kent, removed him to the castle at Dover, in order that he might be among friends. Then the faithful earl embarked for France, and hastened to the court of Cordelia.

5. There he represented in such moving terms the pitiful condition of her royal father, and set out in such lively colours the ill-usage of her sisters, that this good and loving child, with many tears, besought the king her husband that he would give her leave to embark for England with an army sufficient to subdue these daughters and their husbands, and restore the king her father to his throne; which being

granted, she set forth, and with a royal army landed at Dover.

6. Lear having by some chance escaped from the guardians which the good Earl of Kent had put over him to take care of him, was found by some of Cordelia's train, wandering about the fields near Dover, in a pitiable condition, singing aloud to himself, and wearing on his head a crown which he had made of straw, and nettles, and other wild weeds that he had picked up in the corn-fields.

7. He was brought back, and carefully tended by skilful doctors, until he was in a condition to see his daughter, who waited impatiently for his recovery with a heart full of love for her old and sorely-tried father. A tender sight it was to see the meeting between this father and daughter; to see the struggles between the joy of this poor old king at beholding again his once darling child, and the shame at receiving such kindness from her whom he had cast off for so small a fault.

8. He fell on his knees to beg pardon of his child; and she, good lady, knelt all the while to ask a blessing of him, and told him that it did not become him to kneel, but it was her duty, for she was his child, his true and very child Cordelia!

9. And she kissed him (as she said) to kiss away all her sisters' unkindness, and said that they might be ashamed of themselves to turn their old, kind father with his white beard out into the cold air, when her enemy's dog, though it had bit her, should have stayed by her fire on such a night as that, and warmed himself.

10. Then she told her father how she had come from France on purpose to bring him assistance, and how she would always be dutiful and loving to him, and that he should never leave her again.

So we will leave this old king in the protection of this faithful and dear child. As for

those cruel daughters, they and their husbands perished miserably, as they well deserved to do.

Adapted from "Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare."

61. BLOW, BLOW, THOU WINTER WIND.

1. Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green holly;
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:
Then, heigh-ho, the holly!
This life is most jolly.

2. Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
Thou dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remembered not.
Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green holly;
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:
Then, heigh-ho, the holly!
This life is most jolly.

SHAKESPEARE: *As You Like It.*

NOTES AND MEANINGS.

1. THE PRINCESS'S MOTTO.

prin'-cess	ig'-no-rant	im-pa'-tient	neç'-es-sa-ry	im'-i-tate
mot'-to	ge-og'-ra-phy	dif'-fi-cul-ty	ex-am'-ined	sur-round'-ed
o-bliged'	de-ter'-mined	ex-claimed'	tim'-id-ly	re-joiced'
i-mā'-gine	ed-u-ca'-tion	re-spond'-ed	splen'-dour	tri'-umphs
al-lowed'	al'-pha-bet	gov'-er-ness	anx-i'-e-ty	vir'-tues

NOTES AND MEANINGS.

Motto, rule of life put into a few words.
1 **Obliged,** forced; bound.
Ignorant, untaught; without knowledge.
2 **Determined,** made up her mind.
3 **Impatient at the difficulty,** restless at the hardness.
Responded, answered.
5 **Governess,** lady teacher.
Necessary, needful.
Examined, looked over.
5 **Timidly,** as though afraid.
6 **Splendour,** grandness of show; grandeur.
Anxiety, uneasiness of mind.
Subjects, people under her rule.
7 **Imitate,** copy.
8 **Trials,** troubles; sufferings.
Triumphs, rejoicings; victories.
Uprightness, honesty; goodness.
Virtues, good qualities.

Kingsley, Charles (born 1819, died 1875). An English clergyman and novelist. His best known book is *Westward Ho*, a story of the days of the Spanish Armada.

ENGLISH.

1. Turn to the picture on page 9, and study it carefully. Then answer the following questions. Use, as far as possible, the words of the question in your answer. Begin a fresh line with each answer.

THE PRINCESS AND HER GOVERNESS.

(*A few answers are given as examples.*)

What does the picture represent?
The picture represents the Princess Victoria and her governess.
What is the princess doing?
The princess is giving her hand to the governess.
What has she just discovered?
She has just discovered a paper in her history book.
What does the paper tell her? Does she think that as a queen she will have great and anxious duties to perform? What does she promise? Did she keep her word all her life through? Did her people, because of this, love and honour her? What were her royal virtues?

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2. THE THANKFUL BIRD.

de-sire′	sun′-shīn-y	shut′-ters	re-mem′-bered
plen′-ti-ful	sweet′-heart	blos′-soms	ten′-der-ness
or′-chards	min′-strel	mu′-sic	lar′-der

NOTES AND MEANINGS.

1 **Yellowhammer,** or yellow-bunting, a bird about six and a half inches long, common in the British Isles and in most parts of Europe.
Desire, wish; greatly long.
2 **Quick,** hedge of hawthorn.
Minstrel, singer.
3 **Music.** The male bird is a very sweet singer. His notes are said to sound something like "little-bit-o'-bread-and-no-chē-ēse."
3 **Gold.** In the summer the male bird's breast, head, cheeks, chest, etc., are lemon yellow. In the winter his plumage is much duller in colour.
Wold, a low hill.
Larder, the room in a house where eatables are kept.
Hip, the fruit of the dog-rose.

ENGLISH.

2. *Underline all the Subjects of the sentences in Exercise 1.*

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3. MY CANADIAN COUSIN'S LETTER.

Ca-na′-di-an	de-grees′	sledg′-ing	wool′-len	di′-a-monds
re-ceived′	de-fy′	a-muse′-ment	yachts	at-tack′-ers
in′-ter-est-ed	ap-pear′-ance	to-bog′-gan	light′-ning	vic-to′-ri-ous
daz′-zling	car′-riag-es	shoe′-ing	dān′-ger-ous	pas′-sa-ges
man′-tle	om′-ni-bus-es	ten′-nis	pal′-ace	af-fec′-tion-ate

NOTES AND MEANINGS.

Toronto, the second city of Canada; situated on the northern shore of Lake Ontario.

3 **Degrees of frost.** On the thermometer, or instrument for measuring the increase or decrease of heat, there are a number of marks, and the space between two of these marks is called a degree.

Defy, dare to do its worst.

6 **Chinaman**, a native of China, a large country in the east of Asia. There are many Chinese servants in Canada.

7 **Tennis racket**, a frame covered with strings, laced tightly, used for playing tennis.

8 **Ice-yachts**, wooden frames mounted on runners and provided with sails like yachts.

9 **Montreal**, the largest city in Canada, situated at the junction of the Ottawa and the St. Lawrence.

Diamonds, the hardest and most precious of stones.

10 **Victorious**, conquering.

12 **Affectionate**, loving.

ENGLISH.

3. Study the pictures on page 15, and answer the following questions in sentences:—

WINTER SPORTS IN CANADA.

What do these pictures illustrate? (Winter sports in Canada.) What are the children doing in the first picture? How is a toboggan made? How is the slide formed? Do you think tobogganing a fine sport? Should you like to try it? What is done to the Canadian carriages in winter? What do they then become? What do the horses wear on their necks? Why do they have bells? What does the middle picture represent? Of what is the hull of the ice-yacht made? Do the yachts travel very quickly? Is ice-yachting a dangerous amusement? What does the last picture represent? (Ice Palace at Montreal.) How was it built? What took place at night? Do you think it was a grand sight? Should you like to live in Canada in winter?

---

4. FISHER-FOLKS IN THE NORTH.

scāl'-y	**cen'-tre**	**bar'-rels**	**gov'-ern-ment**
teem'-ing	**ir-reg'-u-lar-ly**	**u'-su-al-ly**	**prop'-er-ly**
cap'-tūr-ing	**bus'-tling**	**fre'-quent-ly**	**for'-eign**
shoals	**scene**	**prob'-lem**	**bloat'-ers**
her'-rings	**auc'-tion**	**of'-fi-cer**	**bait**
prof'-its	**gen'-er-al-ly**	**ap-point'-ed**	**neigh'-bour-ing**

NOTES AND MEANINGS.

1 **Scaly tribes**, fish of all kinds; so called because they are covered with scales or thin plates.

1 **Teeming waters,** seas swarming with fish.
Plain, flat stretch of land.
2 **Capturing,** catching.
Profits, gains.
4 **Auction,** a public sale in which the highest bidder becomes the owner of the article put up for sale.
5 **Gut,** take out the waste parts of.
6 **Problem,** question of some difficulty.
8 **Officer,** man in charge.
Export, sending out of the country.
10 **Caller,** fresh.
Halesome, wholesome.
Farin', fare; feeding.
Aught, anything.
Puir, poor.
Woven willows, baskets.

ENGLISH.

4. Study the picture on page 19, and answer the following questions in sentences:—

A FISHER-GIRL.

What does this picture represent? (The quay of a fishing-village.) What time of day do you think it is? What do you see in the foreground? What is she carrying? Where has she obtained it? Do you think the boat has just come in? When were the fish caught? Are they fresh? What will the girl do with the fish?

---

5. A SONG OF THE SEA.

o'-cean	realm	state'-ly	līn'-er	thews
ān'-cient	Bri-tan'-ni-a	rāg'-ing	sail'-ors	mis'-tress

NOTES AND MEANINGS.

1 **Realm,** kingdom.
Britannia, the Latin form of the name of Britain.
2 **Stately,** of noble appearance.
Grim, fierce-looking.
Stark, powerful; stiff.
3 **Thews,** muscles.
Hand, furl or roll up the sails.
Reef, make a sail less by rolling or folding up a part of it.
Steer, guide a ship in its course.
Aye, ever.

ENGLISH.

5. Copy out this exercise, putting a Subject before each Predicate.

— dances. — jumps. — twinkle. — has written a letter. — has gone away. — plays on the piano. — makes a noise. — washes the floor. — makes boots. — cuts my hair. — sells sugar. — won the battle. — is deep. — is sweet. — are burning. — have been found.

6. THE MAGIC VIOLETS.—I.

mă'-gic	un-for'-tu-nate	peev'-ish	van'-ished
vi'-o-lets	thor'-ough-ly	crouched	wreath
man-u-fac'-tūr-ing	mis'-er-a-ble	en-deav'-oured	hap'-pi-ness
fea'-tured	cir'-cum-stan-ces	be-numbed'	ge'-ni-al
drunk'-ard	fai'-ries	beau'-ti-ful	at-tract'-ed
crea'-tures	at-tempts'	vi'-sion	wretch'-ed

NOTES AND MEANINGS.

Magic, supposed to possess secret and wonderful power.
3 **Circumstances**, conditions; state of matters.
4 **Peevish**, discontented; ill-natured.
5 **Dingy**, dusky; dirty-looking.
Crouched, cowered; stooped low.
Endeavoured, tried; strove.
6 **Benumbed**, so cold that they had lost all feeling.
8 **Boon**, favour, blessing.
Mortal, human being; person.
9 **Vision**, something seen as in a dream.
Vanished, passed from view.
Genial, cheerful; kindly.
10 **Fawn**, young deer.
Attracted, drawn towards her.

ENGLISH.

6. Copy the following sentences. In each sentence put one line under the Subject, and two lines under the Predicate.

Down came the blow. Thus spoke the king. A sorrowful man art thou. Where am I? By the river a poor man sat. Over the sea sailed the ship. Round went the wheels. Where lies the land? In the meadows the children played. Merrily shall I live now.

---

7. THE MAGIC VIOLETS.—II.

cell'-ar	ex-er'-tion	thank'-ful-ness	con-tent'-ment
com'-fort-a-ble	lodg'-ing	be-stowed'	dis-tress'
pre-served'	cough'-ing	bright'-ened	wăn'-ing
bôs'-om	seized	de-nies'	im-me'-di-ate-ly
nim'-ble	suf'-fer-er	foun'-tain	meas'-ure

NOTES AND MEANINGS.

2 **Preserved**, kept safe from harm.
3 **Nimble**, active; brisk.
Exertions, efforts; endeavours.
5 **Soothe the sufferer**, make the girl's pain less hard to bear.
Racked, strained with pain.
8 **Bestowed on**, gave to.
Cloy, become unpleasant by having too much of it.
Denies herself, does without something she would like to have.
10 **Waning**, growing less; failing.
Immediately, at once.

ENGLISH.

7. Pick out the Nouns in the following sentences, and say of what kind each Noun is:—

Then swiftly flew the arrow. Where are the boys? The maiden wept to wear a crown. Up the street galloped the horse. A cry broke forth. How is John? Yonder is London. The army crossed the Alps. Truth will prevail. The crowd dispersed.

---

8. WHAT DOES THE BROOK SAY?

lil'-ies	sor'-row-ful	whirl'-ing	fret'-ted	pa'-tient
brim'-ming	maid'-en	breez'-y	hin'-dered	slum'-bers
bright'-en-ing	troub'-led	glid'-ing	whis'-per-ings	splen'-did

NOTES AND MEANINGS.

1 **Drooping,** sinking through weakness.
3 **Gliding,** moving smoothly.
Fretted, ruffled, as though made angry by being hindered.
3 **Rushes,** plants with round, pointed stems and no leaves, growing in wet ground.
Bars, banks of sand or mud or gravel.

ENGLISH.

8. Study the picture on page 31, and answer the following questions in sentences:—

GATHERING WATER-LILIES.

What does the picture represent? (Boy and girl gathering water-lilies.) What kind of boat are they in? What is the boy doing? To whom is he handing the lilies? Where is she standing? Where does she keep them? Are there many lilies in the pond? What sort of stems have they? Describe the flower and the leaf.

---

9. MY FRIEND THE SPIDER.

bus'-iness	va'-ried	se-cure'-ly	el'-e-gant
flaunt'-ing	oc-cu-pa'-tions	sat-is-fac'-tion	res'-i-den-ces
mi'-cro-scopes	de-signs'	spīr'-al	cur'-tains
in-dus'-tri-ous	con-ceit'-ed	scaf'-fold-ing	rel'-a-tives
a-bil'-i-ties	di-rec'-tion	tel'-e-graph	Aus-tra'-li-an
spin'-ner-ets	foun-da'-tion	in-trûd'-er	con-ver-sa'-tion

NOTES AND MEANINGS.

1 **Flaunting,** showing off; making a display.
Pry, look closely.
Microscope, an instrument which appears to enlarge very small objects so that they can be seen quite clearly.
2 **Industrious,** diligent; steady at work.
Abilities, powers of mind and body.
Envying, wishing to have for yourselves.
Spinnerets, parts of a spider's body by means of which it spins its threads.
3 **Varied occupations,** different kinds of hand work, such as clay-modelling, cardboard work, paper-folding, wire work, etc.
Designs, patterns; models.
3 **Be conceited,** be vain; think too much of yourself.
4 **Foundation lines,** the threads which form the chief support.
5 **Spiral,** a curve which begins at a centre and goes round in rings which get farther and farther away from the centre; the shape of a watch-spring.
6 **Telegraph line,** thread for sending messages.
Intruder, one who thrusts himself into a place.
7 **Elegant,** shapely and beautiful.
Residences, dwelling-places.
8 **Observe,** notice; see.
Relative of mine, person who belongs to the same family.
Trap-door, door that shuts down like a trap.
Business, work; occupation.
Conversation, talk.

ENGLISH.

9. *Arrange the following Nouns under the heads: Common Nouns, Proper Nouns, and Abstract Nouns:—*

son	cities	London	queen	The Severn
ships	scholar	victory	Victoria	Pretoria
lightness	Milton	Waterloo	loyalty	depth
wisdom	poet	Snowdon	soldier	time
Henry	rivers	height	battle	*The Times*

10. THE DAY OF SCRAPES.—I.

ar'-ti-cles	com-po-si'-tion	scram'-bling	gob'-bling	po-lice'-man
pa'-tience	pro-posed'	rep-re-sent'	hy-e'-nas	a-mazed'
scrib'-bled	in-struct'-ed	bel'-low-ing	fur'-ni-ture	col-lect'-ed
fidg'-et	hor'-ri-bly	squeak'-ing	un-car'-pet-ed	prem'-is-es

NOTES AND MEANINGS.

2 **Imagine,** think; understand.
3 **Shiftless thing,** make-shift; lazy trick.
5 **Invented,** thought out.
7 **Instructed,** told; shown how.
8 **Represent,** stand for; act as.

9 **Hyena,** a strong, dog-like animal, which lives on dead flesh, and roams abroad at night. It is remarkable for its howls, which sometimes sound like wild bursts of laughter.

10 **Amazed,** surprised; astonished.

Premises, property.

ENGLISH.

10. Study the picture on page 41, and answer the following questions in sentences:—

CAUGHT IN THE ACT.

What does the picture represent? What time of day is it? What state is the room in? What do you see overturned? What is spilt on the floor? What have the girls been doing? What is the name of their leader? What did she represent? Who has just opened the door? Do you think she is astonished and grieved? What do you think will happen to these disorderly girls?

---

11. THE DAY OF SCRAPES.—II.

con-fu'-sion	hor'-ri-ble	guil'-ty	re-lieved'	cul'-prits
ca'-pered	un-con'-scious	dis-grace'-ful-ly	ex-cite'-ment	af-fect'-ing
lu'-na-tic	dis-as'-ter	oc-curred'	bruised	pen'-al-ty
re'-al-ize	si'-lence	pun'-ish-ment	throbbed	an-nounced'
con-di'-tion	sol'-emn	of-fence'	re-quest'-ed	hol'-i-days

NOTES AND MEANINGS.

1 **Dismay,** feeling of dread; sinking at the heart.

Frantic, mad; raging.

Lunatic, person of unsound mind.

2 **Realize,** thoroughly understand.

3 **Unconscious,** as if unaware of what they had done.

Disaster, mishap; misfortune.

5 **Occurred to her,** entered her mind.

6 **Reflect,** think the matter over.

7 **Glared,** stared angrily.

Relieved, freed from trouble.

9 **Requested,** asked.

10 **Culprits,** those in fault; persons guilty of wrong-doing.

Penalty, punishment for doing wrong.

Announced, made known; proclaimed.

ENGLISH.

11. Give three Proper Nouns for each of the following Common Nouns:—

Queen, castle, mountain, abbey, statesman, ocean, admiral, ship, dog, horse, historian, emperor.

Notice that every Proper Noun begins with a capital letter.

12. THE DAY OF SCRAPES.—III.

spé-cial-ly	rem-nants	ar-ni-ca	re-luc-tant-ly
se-vere′	pit-e-ous	pro-duced′	be-gin-ning
pen-i-tent	dŏt-ed	un-u-su-al	re-peat-ed
for-give-ness	oc-ca-sion	hap-pened	dif-fer-ence

NOTES AND MEANINGS.

1 **Penitent**, sorry for wrong-doing and determined to behave better in future.
Waterspout, a spout or pillar of rain-cloud and spray which sometimes stretches from sea to sky, and moves and whirls round at a great rate.
2 **Remnants**, remaining pieces
3 **Piteous plight**, miserable or wretched state.
Doted on, was almost foolishly fond of.
4 **Arnica**, a medicine applied to wounds and bruises.
8 **Reluctantly**, unwillingly.

ENGLISH.

12. Study the picture on page 46, and answer the following questions in sentences:—

KATIE AND HER FATHER.

What does the picture represent? Who is the old gentleman? Who is the little girl? What time of day is it? Where are they sitting? Describe the room. What has happened during the day? What is Katie asking her father? Whom does Katie blame? Who does her father point out is really to blame? Put into your own words the old saying beginning, "For the want of a nail the shoe was lost."

---

13. THE WIVES OF BRIXHAM.—I.

cau-tious-ly	lei-sure-ly	stur-dy	twi-light	se-cret
stead-i-ly	stanch	fierç-er	as-sas-sin	tu-mult

NOTES AND MEANINGS.

Brixham, a well-known fishing-port and watering-place of Devonshire.
1 **Cautiously**, carefully.
Leisurely, not hastily or hurriedly; slowly.
2 **Taunts**, the puffs of wind which rouse the sea to great waves, just as reproaches cause a person to become angry.
3 **Stanch**, steadfast; trusty.
4 **Ply their toils**, do their work.
5 **Twilight**, faint light after sunset; the dusk.
6 **Assassin**, secret murderer.
Tumult, confusion.

ENGLISH.

13. Divide each of the following sentences into two parts—the Subject and the Predicate:—

The boy broke the window. The horse threw his rider. The house was burned down. Around the fire the children sat. Mary wrote a letter to her friend. The mother rocked her child. Spring has come. We are merry maidens. A mountain lies before me. The elephant was fond of fruit.

---

14. THE WIVES OF BRIXHAM.—II.

añ'-xious	shiv'-ered	fu'-ner-al	stag'-ger-ing	shrieked
grieved	pil'-low	prĕ'-cious	fig'-ures	strug'-gled

NOTES AND MEANINGS.

2 **Grandam,** grandmother; old woman.
Funeral pile, a mass of materials for burning a dead body.
3 **The black,** the dark, stormy sea and sky.
Prow, the fore part of a ship.
5 **Reckon,** count up.

Browning, Robert (born 1812, died 1889). A great English poet. This little poem is taken from his play *Pippa Passes.*

ENGLISH.

14. Put a Predicate after each Noun in the following:—

The man —. The tree —. The horse —. Robert —. Jane —. The sun —. Fire —. The wind —. The snow —. The house —. Birds —. My sister —. The stars —. Peter the Great —. The eagle —. Mountains —.

---

15. THAT DREADFUL DOG.

ter'-ri-bly	un-kempt'	liñ'-gered	con-sid'-ered	pos'-si-ble
ached	de-spair'	pres'-ent-ly	quar'-ry	scram'-bled
au'-tumn	sat'-is-fy	con-tin'-ued	coaxed	breath'-less-ly
ug'-li-est	at-ten'-tion	ar-range'	pos-sess'-ing	puz'-zled

NOTES AND MEANINGS.

3 **Unkempt,** uncombed; dirty.
Ungainly, awkward.
4 **Despair,** state of having lost hope.
5 **Attracted his attention,** drew his notice towards it.
Lingered, loitered.
7 **Considered,** thought over.

7 **Quarry,** place where stones are dug or blasted with gunpowder out of the earth for building purposes.

11 **Dog-cart,** a two-wheeled carriage; so called because it formerly had a box for carrying dogs.

ENGLISH.

15. Study the picture on page 54, and answer the following questions in sentences:—

FIDO AND HIS MISTRESS.

What does the picture represent? What kind of dog is it? What state is the dog in? Describe the girl. Why is she glad to see the dog? Who are the two girls in the background? What have they had to do with the dog? Are they fond of the dog? Are they ready to give it up to its little mistress? Do they think the dog "a beauty"? Does its owner? Why?

16. BRAVE WOMEN.

cour-age	cer-tif-i-cates	he-ro-ic	loos-en-ing	ac-ci-dent
en-dūr-ance	her-o-ines	frā-gile	ex-haust-ed	re-ap-peared'
ju-bi-lee	res-cue	sig-nalled	com-pan-ions	ob-sta-cle
med-als	or-di-na-ry	a-scend'	dis-ap-peared'	clar-i-on

NOTES AND MEANINGS.

1 **Endurance,** power of bearing suffering or hardship.

2 **Queen Victoria's Jubilee,** or the fiftieth year of her reign, was celebrated throughout the Empire on the twenty-first of June 1887.

Certificate, a written statement making known the truth or certainty of something.

Heroine, a very brave female.

4 **Rescue,** freeing from danger.

5 **Fragile,** delicate; weak.

Signalled, made a sign.

6 **Exhausted,** worn out; greatly wearied.

9 **Fate,** what would be certain to happen to her.

10 **Obstacle,** hindrance; anything that stands in the way.

11 **Garish,** showy.

Clarion-rung, as if sounded by a clarion or trumpet.

ENGLISH.

16. Study the picture on page 60, and answer the following questions in sentences:—

A HEROINE.

What has happened? Who saw the accident? What did the pupil teacher do? What happened to the ice on which she lay? What did the people on the bank shout? How did Miss White get to the bank? What condition was she in? What sort of deed would you call this rescue?

17. THE SOWER.

beech'-es	a'-cres	pas'-ture	em'-er-ald	thresh'-er
bor'-dered	fur'-rowed	gen'-er-ous	mur'-mur-ing	wil'-low-y

NOTES AND MEANINGS.

1 **Furrowed,** marked by long narrow hollows, cut in the ground by the plough.
2 **Steer,** young ox; bullock.
Generous, fully and freely given.
Emerald, rich green colour like the colour of the precious stone known as the emerald.
3 **Amber,** yellow; the colour of amber, a hard, clear gum found in the earth.
4 **Clods,** lumps of earth or clay.
Wain, wagon.
4 **Grange,** farmhouse with its outhouses.
Thresher, one who threshes or beats out the grain.
Flail, an instrument for threshing corn. It is made of two poles joined by a leather band.
Willowy, having willow trees growing on the banks of the stream which turns the mill-wheel.
Bryan, William Cullen (born 1794, died 1878), an American poet of great merit.

ENGLISH.

17. Make sentences of "seeing," "running," "swimming," and "playing" by putting "is," "are," "was," "were," and "will be" before them, and prefixing in each case a Subject.

Be sure that you have a real Predicate in every sentence.

---

18. THE LARK'S SONG.

blāz'-ing	squat'-ter	ex-pec-ta'-tion	thrill'-ing	in'-no-cence
ex-panse'	glit'-tered	feath'-ered	trick'-led	sov'-er-eigns
trem'-bling	dis-gust'-ed	breath'-less	mem'-o-ries	psalm

NOTES AND MEANINGS.

1 **Expanse,** wide stretch.
2 **Briskly,** quickly; smartly.
Squatter, a sheep-farmer; so called because at first the farmer squatted or settled down on unoccupied land.
Thatched, roofed with straw, reeds, or rushes.
4 **Expectation,** hope of hearing it sing.
Exile, one sent away from his native land.
6 **Bronzed,** turned to a bronze or brown colour by the sun.
8 **Lived again,** went over his life again in memory.
Innocence, freedom from sin.
10 **Bribe,** a price paid to persuade a person to do something.
12 **Psalm,** holy song of praise.
Reade, Charles (born 1814, died 1884), a great English novelist and playwright. Amongst his works are *The Cloister and the Hearth* (his masterpiece), *Hard Cash*, and *Put Yourself in his Place.*

ENGLISH.

18. Study the picture on page 62, and answer the following questions in sentences:—

THE HARVEST-FIELD.

What does the picture represent? What are the men on the ground doing? What are the other men doing? How many horses are there to the wagon? Why are there two horses? What will the horses do to the wagon? What will be done to the corn after it is taken to the farmyard? Will the farmer be glad to get his corn harvested? Why?

19. GOSSIP TOWN.

gos'-sip	rus'-tling	tun'-nel	prin'-ci-pal	slan'-der-ers
ru'-mour	i'-dle-ness	bit'-ter-ness	sus-pi'-cious	jeal'-ous-y

NOTES AND MEANINGS.

Gossip, idle talk; tale-telling.
1 **Rumour,** report: a story passing round without its truth being known.
3 **Suspicious remark,** words causing one person to distrust another.
4 **Slanderer,** one who spreads a false report about another.
Jealousy, uneasiness at the success of another.

ENGLISH.

19. Write out the following sentences, leaving out the Nouns that are not required, and putting Personal Pronouns in their places:—

The soldiers ran to the soldiers' colours; and when the soldiers saw the enemy, the soldiers gave a loud shout. The sun rose with great brightness, and the sun soon scattered the clouds. Charles gave Charles's dog to John, because Charles's mother told Charles that Charles's mother did not like the dog. Mary dressed Mary's doll, and Mary went to Mary's sewing; when Mary's sewing was over, Mary went to Mary's music.

20. THE MAORIS.

Ma'-o-ris	pos-ses'-sion	or-na-ment'-ed	ta-booed'
ques'-tions	con-tin'-u-al-ly	tat-tooed'	syl'-la-ble
Eu-ro-pe'-an	heir'-looms	hid'-e-ous	lañ'-guage
Par'-li-a-ment	sat'-is-fied	coñ'-quered	po-et'-i-cal
plead'-ing-ly	in-her'-it	va'-ri-ous	re-mark'-a-ble
ea'-ger-ness	stock-ades'	in'-flu-ence	dis-ap-pear'-ing

NOTES AND MEANINGS.

2 **Represent,** act and speak for.
Parliament, meeting of representatives to make the laws.
3 **Pleadingly,** in a coaxing manner.
4 **Captain Cook,** the famous navigator; born 1728, killed 1779.
Heirlooms, things which are handed down from father to son as prized possessions.
5 **Inherit,** come into possession of at the death of some person.
6 **Stockade,** a barrier or line of defence formed by stakes driven into the ground close to each other.
7 **Jade,** a hard stone of a greenish colour.
Tattooed, marks on the skin made by pricking and by rubbing in colour.
Hideous, frightful.
9 **Flax,** a plant from the fibres of whose stalks linen yarn is made.
10 **Influence,** power.
11 **Remarkable,** wonderful.
12 **Doomed,** fated; condemned.

ENGLISH.

20. Study the picture on page 71, and answer the following questions in sentences:—

MAORI MAIDENS.

Who are the girls in the picture? What is their native country? Are they savages? Of what colour is their skin? Describe the dress of the girl in the foreground. Are these girls fond of finery? What has the second girl in her hair? What do you notice about the huts? What else do the Maoris make very cleverly? Are the Maoris disappearing?

---

21. THE STRANGER IN THE VILLAGE.—I.

por'-ridge	shoul'-ders	mod'-est-ly	huñ'-gri-ly	rasp'-ber-ries
dim'-i-ty	ex-pres'-sion	cour'-te-ous	hes'-i-tāt-ed	gar'-land
lack'-eys	ma-te'-ri-al	wheat'-en	fi'-nal-ly	en-ter-tain'-ers

NOTES AND MEANINGS.

2 **Dimity,** a kind of cotton cloth.
3 **Tavern,** inn; public-house.
Lackeys, footmen; attendants.
Crest, painted design used by noble families on carriages, etc.
4 **Expression,** look.
7 **Modestly,** bashfully; not forwardly.
7 **Courteous,** respectful; polite.
8 **Finally,** at last.
9 **Garland,** wreath of flowers woven together.
10 **Entertainers,** those who had taken him into their house and had given him food.
Memory, remembrance.

ENGLISH.

21. Copy out the following, filling up the blanks with suitable Personal Pronouns:—

John says that — have — book. I asked my brother what — thought of — picture. — said — thought — very beautiful. William said to Mary, "— hope — mean to learn — lesson;" but — replied, "— have learned — already."

22. THE STRANGER IN THE VILLAGE.—II.

dain'-ty	hob'-bled	jour'-neyed	rus'-tic	in-vit'-ed
for-lorn'	curt'-sied	bus'-iness	grat'-i-tude	dam'-ask
pew'-ter	rec'-og-nized	de-tained'	rose'-ma-ry	pet'-ti-coat
pit'-i-ful-ly	re-fresh'-ment	at-tend'-ants	vil'-la-gers	com-posed'

NOTES AND MEANINGS.

1 **Forlorn,** wretched.
Pewter, made of a mixture of lead and tin or zinc.
3 **Curtsy,** a bow made by women by bending the knees.
Recognized, remembered; known again.
4 **Detained,** delayed; kept back.
5 **Highwaymen,** men who rob people on the highway or public road.
6 **Rustic,** countryman.
Smock, a coarse garment worn over the others to keep them clean.
7 **Gratitude,** gratefulness; a wish to make some return for kindness received.
8 **Prithee,** pray thee.
Rosemary, a sweet-scented evergreen shrub. Shakespeare says that rosemary stands for remembrance.
9 **Damask,** cloth with figures woven on it; so called because it was first made at Damascus.
10 **Groom,** bridegroom.
Gallant, brave, lively gentleman.

ENGLISH.

22. Study the picture on page 77, and write an account of it.

23. THE FOOT OF THE RAINBOW.

dis-turbed'	hās'-tened	dis'-tance	taṅ'-gled
for'-tune	la'-boured	guessed	wrapped
fu'-ture	wrought	bri'-ers	wea'-ried

NOTES AND MEANINGS.

3 **Tinted,** faintly coloured.
4 **Laboured,** with great difficulty.
5 **Briers,** prickly bushes; thorns.
5 **Tangled,** confused; knit together.
Thicket, a number of small trees or shrubs thickly set together.

ENGLISH.

23. What is the Number of—

men	crowd	church	pence	people
calf	staff	family	apples	mice
cages	geese	truth	bellows	fish
I	we	thou	you	they

Write down the Plural of—

glass	knife	negro	chimney	foot	radius
cargo	city	child	fox	calf	cherub
woman	prize	tooth	ox	brush	brother
my	I	me	thou	him	his

24. HOW PRINCESS ANGELICA TOOK A LITTLE MAID.

par'-a-sol	tod'-dling	mă'-jes-ties	droll'-y	gen'-er-ous
com-plex'-ion	quan'-ti-ty	ca'-per-ing	pret'-ti-ly	fa'-vour-ite
freck'-les	an-gel'-i-cal	ac'-cent	re-la'-tions	rhymes

NOTES AND MEANINGS.

1 **Parasol,** a small umbrella for protection from the sun.
Complexion, colour of the skin on the face.
Freckles, yellowish-brown spots on the skin caused by exposure to the sun.
4 **Angelical,** like an angel.
6 **Accent,** manner of speaking.
7 **Drolly,** oddly; laughably.
Relations, persons connected with others by birth or by marriage.
11 **Rhymes,** verses.
Thackeray, William Makepeace (born 1811, died 1863), one of the greatest of English novelists. Some of his most important works are *Vanity Fair*, *Pendennis*, *Esmond*, *The Newcomes*, and *The Four Georges*.

ENGLISH.

24. Name the Person of the following Pronouns:—

I, he, they, you, we, him, thou, she, it, my, our, us, me, thy, her, thee, its, your, them.

25. THE CATAMANDELAN.—I.

scourged	coz'-en	ex-e-cu'-tion-er	loathed	mor'-sel
de-grād'-ed	ap'-pe-tite	flut'-tered	ban'-quet-ing	can'-tered
guar'-di-an	ex'-e-cūt-ed	re-leased'	coun'-cil	tri'-umph

NOTES AND MEANINGS.

1 **Degraded,** taken away his office from.
2 **Cozen,** deceive; cheat.
3 **Catamandelan.** There is no such bird. It is merely a made-up name.
5 **Was trussed,** had its wings skewered to its body.
6 **Loathed,** disliked greatly.
7 **Banqueting chamber,** the room in which feasts were held.
9 **Council chamber,** the room in which the king's advisers met.
10 **Cantered,** rode at a moderate gallop.
12 **Tweaked,** jerked; pinched and pulled.
Foiled, prevented from doing what he wanted to do.

ENGLISH.

25. Study the picture on page 89, and then write an account of it.

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26. THE CATAMANDELAN.—II.

de-voured′	sum′-moned	bris′-tled	dis-eased′	vis′i-ble
star-va′-tion	sug-gest′-ed	feath′-ered	hud′-dled	ap-peal′
ma-gi′-cians	ad-vised′	dis-guised′	re-lieve′	whirled

NOTES AND MEANINGS.

1 **Devoured,** greedily ate up.
2 **Magicians,** men who pretended to work wonders by the aid of spirits; wizards.
3 **Suggested,** proposed; brought forward as a plan.
5 **Attire,** dress.
Purple robe. Purple is the colour which shows kingly power.
Donned (*do on*), put on.
6 **Disguised,** so dressed that he was not known.
The diseased, those having a wasting away of the parts of the body.
7 **Neglected,** been careless about.
8 **Pang,** sudden painful feeling.
9 **In mute appeal,** begging without speaking.
12 **Crest,** figure over a coat of arms.

ENGLISH.

26. Fill up each blank with a suitable Verb:—

They — letters. You — the bell. The world —. I — quickly. He — to London. We — geography. You — your boat. I — the piano yesterday. Some time ago she — her slate. Last night we — four miles. King John — in the year 1216. To-morrow I — — at cricket. Next week he — — for America. Soon we — — this lesson. They — — the mountain in the morning.

Copy down the Verbs you have inserted in the above exercise, and write against each of them its Tense.

27. THE USEFUL PLOUGH.

mod'-er-ate	a-dorn'-ing	court'-i-er	hās'-ten
pleas'-ant	bow'-ers	com-pare'	mer'-ri-ment

NOTES AND MEANINGS.

1 **Moderate,** temperate; not too much.
Adorning, making beautiful.
Bowers, arbours; seats under branches of trees.
1 **Courtier,** one who lives at the court of a sovereign.
Compare, prove himself equal.
2 **Folding their sheep,** driving them into the sheep-fold.

ENGLISH.

27. Study the picture on page 97, and write an account of it.

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28. AT SCHOOL WITH SHAKESPEARE.

di'-al	doub'-let	squir'-rels	ān'-cient	prob'-a-bly
satch'-el	tru'-ant	ant'-lered	dis-miss'-ing	dis-perse'
ha'-zel	pī'-geons	glo'-ri-ous	wain'-scot-ted	sa-lutes'
twink'-ling	feath'-er-y	gra'-cious	ex'-er-cīs-es	rev'-er-ence
se'-ri-ous	de-lī'-cious	won'-drous	prob'-lems	con-cludes'

NOTES AND MEANINGS.

Shakespeare (1564–1616), the greatest of British dramatists and poets.
1 **Dial,** sun-dial; a flat surface with a pin in the centre for showing the time of day by means of the shadow which the sun casts upon it.
Chestnut, reddish-brown.
Stratford-on-Avon, Shakespeare's birthplace, a small town in Warwickshire, twenty-two miles south-east of Birmingham.
2 **Hazel,** light brown like the nut of the hazel tree.
3 **Lithe,** active; nimble.
Doublet, a garment reaching from the neck to about the waist.
Hose, stockings.
4 **Charlecote's tall woods,** four miles north-east of Stratford.
Kenilworth, the castle of the Earl of Leicester. When you are older, read Sir Walter Scott's novel *Kenilworth.* You will find in it a full account of the festivities which are mentioned here.
4 **Queen Elizabeth,** began to reign 1558; died 1603.
Revels, merry-makings; rejoicings.
6 **Dismissing,** driving away.
Guild Chapel, the chapel in which the members of the guild or brotherhood of men in the town worshipped.
7 **Wainscotted walls,** the walls lined with wooden panels.
9 **Disperse,** go away; separate.
10 **Salutes,** greets by bowing or by taking off his cap.
Reverence, great respect.
11 **Staves,** verses.
12 **Pied,** of various colours.

ENGLISH.

28. Fill in the blanks in the following exercise with suitable Pronouns or Verbs:—

John — to me. William and Mary — on the sands. You — me a book. Now he — up. — walks quickly. — play football. To-morrow — goes to London. — speaks to me. — horse is lame. By the stream — sits down.

Make a list of the words you have filled in. Against each of the Pronouns write its Person, and against each of the Verbs its Tense.

29. ARIEL'S SONGS.

o-bé-di-ent	duke'-dom	mor'-tals	fath'-om	sea'-nymphs
ma-gí-cian	en-chant'-ed	wrecked	cor'-al	knell

NOTES AND MEANINGS.

1 **Full**, quite; at least.
Fathom, a measure of six feet.
Coral, a hard red, black, or white substance built up in the sea by small creatures called polyps.

1 **Sea-nymphs**, goddesses of the sea.
Knell, a bell rung at a funeral or at a death.
Burthen or **burden**, chorus or refrain.

ENGLISH.

29. Fill up the following blanks:—

There — nine men in the boat. There — a handsome building opposite. There — wounds on his body. There — a regiment of cavalry approaching. — there any of my friends here? — there one book for each person? There — a crowd of people yonder. Where — the scissors to be found? Yonder — a piece of beef weighing twenty pounds. Where — the plates? There — no lack of helpers.

30. BIRDS OF BRIGHT PLUMAGE.

in-vent'-or	her'-on	mañ'-gled	fash'-ion-a-ble	speç'-i-men
en-gi-neer'	plûm'-age	mon'-sters	bar'-bar-ous	mu-sé'-um
in'-no-cent-ly	col'-o-ny	rûth'-less	par'-a-dise	in-struc'-tion
é'-gret	rook'-er-ies	re-quires'	trop'-i-cal	nat'-u-ral
spe'-cies	vis'-it-ors	star-va'-tion	dec'-o-rāt-ing	grat'-i-fy

NOTES AND MEANINGS.

1 **George Stephenson** (1781–1848) was the inventor of the locomotive engine.

3 **Engineer**, one who plans and constructs railways, roads, bridges, machines, etc.

4 **Florida**, a state in the extreme south-east of the United States of America.
Species, kind.
Heron, a water-bird with long legs, a long neck, and a screaming voice.
Colony, settlement.
Rookeries. A rookery is a number of trees in which a colony of rooks builds its nests.
5 **Token**, sign; indication.
6 **Mangled**, torn; mutilated.
7 **Ruthless**, cruel; pitiless.
10 **Barbarous**, like those of savages.
Tern, long-winged bird of the gull family. It has a forked tail, and is sometimes called the sea-swallow.
Tropical forests, forests within the Tropics, or country lying between 23½° N. lat. and 23½° S. lat.
Museum, a building in which are arranged specimens of interesting things both natural and artificial.

ENGLISH.

30. Study the picture on page 106, and write an account of it.

31. MY AUSTRALIAN COUSIN'S LETTER.

grate'-ful	pad'-docks	sol'-i-tude	ter'-rors	skel'-e-tons
e-spĕ'-cial-ly	en-closed'	lone'-li-ness	droughts	ar-te'-si-an
ex-plore'	bound'-a-ry	pro-ceeds'	sup-plies'	nui'-sance
clus'-tered	shep'-herds	re-lief'	per'-ished	poi'-son-ing

NOTES AND MEANINGS.

1 **The Tower of London**, an ancient fortress on the left bank of the Thames, said to have been built by Alfred the Great.
2 **Station hands**, workers on the station or sheep-run.
4 **Solitude**, loneliness.
5 **Damper**, a cake made of unleavened dough.

ENGLISH.

31. Study the picture on page 111, and write an account of it.

32. THE SONG OF THE THRUSH.

ap-pears' en-chant'-ment a-scend'-ing vol'-umes va'-pour

NOTES AND MEANINGS.

1 **Note of enchantment**, a magic note, which makes her appear to see far-distant scenes.
2 **Volumes**, swelling clouds.
Vale of Cheapside. Cheapside is a very dingy and busy part of London. The song of the thrush brings a vision of her distant home to the girl's mind, and Cheapside becomes

for the moment the green vale in which her childhood was spent.

4 Wordsworth, William 1770–1850, poet-laureate. He lived in the English "Lake District." You will find another of his poems on page 188.

ENGLISH.

32. Fill up the blanks in the following exercise:—

Both brother and sister — lame. Neither John nor James — present. London, Paris, and Berlin — great cities. Either his father or his mother — dead. Not the father but the children — set free. Not the children but the father — punished. Every picture on the walls — beautiful. He and not I — to blame. Either you or she — wrong. The King of Great Britain and Emperor of India — at Windsor Castle. The secretary and the treasurer — re-elected.

33. JACK AND THE MEASLES.

meas'-les vin'-e-gar in-for-ma'-tion de-tec'-tion syr'-ups
nurs'-er-y doc'-tor-ing reg'-u-lar doc'-tor dis-o-be'-di-ent
par-tic'-u-lar-ly em'-i-nent com'-plaint re-cov'-er-y se'-cret-ly
ba-nâ'-nas med'-i-cal de-terred' ap'-pe-tite suf-fi'-cient-ly

NOTES AND MEANINGS.

2 Particularly, very.
4 Eminent, famous; distinguished.
Medical man, doctor.
8 Deterred, kept back by fear.
12 Detection, being found out.
14 Confessed, admitted; owned.
Sufficiently, quite enough.

ENGLISH.

33. Study the picture on page 116, and write an account of it.

34. BUGLE-SONG.

bu'-gle cas'-tle cat'-a-ract pur'-ple
splen'-dour sum'-mits ech'-oes re-ply'-ing

NOTES AND MEANINGS.

1 Cataract, waterfall.
2 Scar, a high rock.
2 Elfland, where the elves or little fairy people live.

ENGLISH.

34. Write sentences containing the following Nouns and Pronouns in the Nominative Case:—

I, cart, they, charity, he, flock, you, knowledge, she, business, we, bicycle, it.

35. SEAWEEDS.

ma-rine′	slip′-per-y	min′-er-al	men′-tioned	va-ri′-e-ties
sub-merged′	dis-cov′-ered	en-vel′-oped	tañ′-gles	in′-va-lids
en-cir′-cle	ter-rif′-ic	nour′-ish-ment	at-tached′	pūr′-i-fy
fath′-oms	cu′-ri-ous	del′-i-cate	let′-tuce	man′-ure
a-bun′-dant	mi-nute′	tex′-ture	life′-buoys	i′-o-dine

NOTES AND MEANINGS.

2 **Marine,** belonging to the sea.
Submerged, under water.
Wracks, seaweeds.
5 **Enveloped,** quite covered.
Nourishment, food.
7 **Texture,** make ; build.
9 **Broad-fronded,** having broad, fern-like leaves.
10 **Life-buoy,** a floating object used to throw to a drowning person to keep him afloat.
12 **Invalids,** people in delicate health.
Manure, something mixed with land to increase its richness.

ENGLISH.

35. Study the picture on page 65, and write an account of it.

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36. SHELLS AND THEIR INMATES.

oys′-ter	ex-treme′-ly	in-dul′-ges	mol′-luscs	mus′-cle
mul′-ti-tude	ox′-y-gen	mus′-sel	ver′-ti-cal-ly	ex-pand′-ed
scal′-lop	porce′-lain	bi′-valves	si′-phons	ten′-ta-cles
e-las′-tic	stom′-ach	dis-tiñ′-guish	con′-i-cal	e-nor′-mous
struc′-ture	fre′-quent-ly	per-i-wiñ′-kles	ten-aç′-i-ty	veg′-e-ta-ble

NOTES AND MEANINGS.

Inmates, dwellers.
1 **Dredge,** drag-net.
2 **Fluted,** channelled ; furrowed.
4 **Porcelain,** fine kind of earthenware.
5 **Indulges,** gives itself pleasure.
Expels, drives out.
6 **Distinguish them,** mark them off as being different.
7 **Vertically,** uprightly.
8 **Conical,** shaped like a cone or sugar-loaf.
Tenacity, strength.
10 **Expanded,** stretched out.

ENGLISH.

36. Write down the Possessive Case of—

Men, child, boy, I, children, miller, bakers, thou, oxen, ladies, thief, he, Mary, calves, Henry, she, ox, thieves, brethren, it, mason, women, we, chiefs, goose, farmers, you, James, foxes, Moses, parents, they, princess, Thomas, flies.

37. THE SEASHELL.

di-vine′	ex′-quis-ite-ly	de-sign′	di′a-mond	oak′-en
whorl	mir-a-cle	for-lorn′	cat′-a-ract	a-thwart′

NOTES AND MEANINGS.

1 **Divine,** coming from God.
Whorl, a turn of a spiral shell.
Exquisitely, beautifully.
Minute, tiny.
Miracle of design, showing God's wonderful order and arrangement.
2 **Void of,** without; wanting.
2 **Rainbow,** many-coloured.
3 **Three-decker,** vessel of war carrying guns on three decks.
Spine, keel.
Athwart, across.
Breton strand, sandy shore of Brittany, or north-west France.

ENGLISH.

37. Write down a list of the Transitive Verbs in the following exercises; also, write down the Nouns and Pronouns in the Objective Case (Objects):—

The sun shone brightly. The horse kicked the man. The dog ran off. I know him well. The garden is beautiful. Henry has broken his left arm. The grass has become green. They have beaten us. Birds build nests. The leaves shoot forth. You surprise me. Mary is reading a book. India is a hot country. James broke a window. I will leave you here. He imitated the clown's antics. He ran very swiftly. Take it away. Men must work. Lord Roberts defeated the Boers. He addressed her kindly. He could not gain the shore. He retreated skilfully. To-morrow I shall meet them.

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38. THE SHAM KING.—I.

vex-a′-tion	shrewd	no′-tic-ing	in-quire′
dis-con-tent′-ed	live′-li-hood	mil′-i-ta-ry	ex-plain′-ing
re-solved′	plumb′-ers	in′-no-cent	bail′-iff
un-com′-mon-ly	ap-proach′-ing	bûl′-lets	sep′-a-rate

NOTES AND MEANINGS.

1 **Vexation,** grief; state of being greatly troubled.
Crafty, cunning; artful.
2 **Shrewd,** keen and knowing.
3 **Approaching,** coming near.
4 **Military,** soldierly; warlike.
10 **Bailiff,** under-manager of an estate.

ENGLISH.

38. Study the picture on page 133, and write an account of it.

39. THE SHAM KING.—II.

scep′-tre	suc-ceed′-ed	com-mit′-ted	quiv′-ered	ex-e-cu′-tion-er
ter′-ri-fied	ap-par′-el	mis-gov′-erned	dun′-geon	de-scend′-ants
per-sua′-sion	pa-rade′	re-cov′-ered	im-post′-or	rogue
re-ga′-li-a	ad-vis′-er	treas′-ures	con-tempt′	for-bāde′

NOTES AND MEANINGS.

2 **Sceptre,** staff or rod borne by a king or queen as a sign of royal power.
5 **Persuasion,** coaxing; gaining over by giving reasons.
Induce, lead on.
Regalia, crown, sceptre, and state jewels worn by a king or queen.
Apparel, dress.
5 **Parade,** display themselves.
7 **Delved,** dug.
9 **Dungeon,** dark prison.
12 **Impostor,** deceiver; cheat.
Contempt, feeling that another is base and worthless.
Executioner, one who carries out the sentence of a judge.
14 **Descendants,** those who have sprung from him.

ENGLISH.

39. Insert suitable Prepositions, and underline the Nouns in the Objective Case:—

When the king went — the horse, he was struck — fear. Nothing was got — the labourer. The story — the fight is well known. He sent him — home. He killed him — the sword. We rise — six o'clock — summer, and — eight — winter. The boy — the red cap fell — the top — the wall. As we walked — the bridge, we saw a number — cows.

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40. ON THE FJORDS.

fjords	tor′-rents	fer′-tile	oc′-cu-pied
en-tranç′-ing	oc-cu-pa′-tions	ap-pear′-ance	caul′-dron
tour′-ists	se-cure′-ly	gla′-ci-er	hos′-pit-a-ble
pen′-e-trate	teth′-ered	troub′-le-some	lei′-sure
grand′-eur	front′-is-piece	pos-sess′-es	a-muse′-ment

NOTES AND MEANINGS.

1 **Tourist,** one who travels for pleasure.
Rhine, one of the most important rivers of Europe; flows through parts of Switzerland, Germany, and the Netherlands, and is famous for the beautiful scenery through which it passes.
1 **The Alps,** the most extensive system of lofty mountains in Europe. They are situated chiefly in the beautiful little country of Switzerland.
Penetrate, make a passage into; pierce.
4 **Sheer,** straight.
5 **Tethered,** tied up.

6 **Norwegians,** natives of Norway.
8 **Glacier,** a field of ice and snow on a mountain side.
10 **Cauldron,** a large kettle or boiler.
Hospitable, kind to strangers and guests.

ENGLISH.

40. Study the frontispiece to the book, and write an account of it

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41. HIAWATHA'S CANOE.

nav'-i-gate	en-cour'-aged	gir'-dled	tas'-sels	crev'-ice
ex'-tracts	au'-tumn	ooz'-ing	bal'-sam	drow'-sy
fi'-bres	sol'-i-ta-ry	pli'-ant	som'-bre	mys'-ter-y
res'-in	rus-tled	re-sist'-ance	wail'-ing	sup'-ple
gos'-pel	pa-tience	fi'-brous	fis'-sure	sin'-ews

NOTES AND MEANINGS.

Navigate, manage the sailing of ships or boats on.
2 **White-skin wrapper.** The bark of the birch tree has a white, silvery appearance.
3 **Moon of Leaves,** month of leaves (June).
Patience, willingness to bear suffering without complaining
4 **Oozing,** running slowly out.
Sheer, quite through.
Wooden wedge, a piece of wood shaped in the form of a V.
5 **Pliant,** able to be bent without breaking.
Resistance, not yielding.
6 **Tamarack,** Indian name for the larch tree.
Fibrous, stringy; thread-like.
7 **Tassels,** cones; hanging fruit shaped like a sugar-loaf.
8 **Balm — balsam — resin,** the oily substance that oozes from the fir tree.
8 **Seams,** places where the edges of the bark were sewn together.
Sombre, dark; gloomy-looking.
Fissure—crevice, crack.
9 **Hedgehog,** a small animal with an outer covering of quills.
My beauty, my canoe.
Shot, shed; threw off.
10 **Wrought them,** worked them in.
11 **Forest's life.** The canoe had the qualities of the trees of the forest out of which it was made.
Mystery...magic, hidden and wonder-working powers.
Supple sinews, easily-bent fibres which knit it together.

ENGLISH.

41. Copy these sentences, filling in each blank with a suitable Personal Pronoun in the Objective Case:—

William saw — going with —. Mary told — the news. What shall I give —? Give — our wages. Have — earned —? Does your tooth pain —? I can scarcely bear —.

42. DID YOU EVER NOTICE?

mar′-vels	tu′-lips	con-struct′-ed	pe-tu′-ni-a
re-mark′-a-ble	dis-play′-ing	flōr′-al	ge-ra′-ni-um
dan′-de-li-ons	ar-rayed′	rep-re-sent′-ed	poll′-en
fir′-ma-ment	cam′-pi-on	re′-cent-ly	cu′-cum-bers
sōl′-ar	bot′-a-nist	fan′-ci-ful	im-me′-di-ate-ly
pet′-als	stud′-ied	jour′-ney	in-struc′-tion

NOTES AND MEANINGS.

3 **Firmament,** wide extent of space, like that of the sky.
Solar rays, rays of the sun.
6 **Botanist,** one who studies plants.
Constructed, made.
8 **Petunias,** tall plants with branching weak stems and very beautiful flowers.
10 **Cucumber,** creeping plant, with fruit of long and curved shape, used in salads.

ENGLISH.

43. Study the picture on page 147, and write an account of it.

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43. MY SOUTH AFRICAN COUSIN'S LETTER.

col-o′-ni-al	ex-tinct′	jack′-als	un-a-wares′
cor-re-spon′-dent	suc-cess′-ful	pro-por′-tion	en-clōs′-ures
dis-ap-point′	in′-cu-ba-tor	de-fence′	in′-jūr-ing
poul′-try	ba-boons′	pro-tec′-tion	per-fec′-tion
os′-trich-es	car′-ri-on	dān′-ger-ous	val′-u-a-ble

NOTES AND MEANINGS.

Cape of Good Hope, a British colony at the southern extremity of Africa.
1 **Colonial,** living in the colony.
Correspondent, one who writes letters to another.
Mail, steamer which carries the letters.
3 **Extinct,** entirely at an end; no longer in existence.
5 **Baboon,** a large monkey with a long face and short tail
Carrion crows, crows which live on carrion or dead flesh.
5 **Jackals,** wild animals of the dog kind.
Prowling, wandering about in search of prey.
6 **Kafir,** dark-skinned native.
7 **In proportion to,** compared with.
8 **Unawares,** when not expecting an attack.
10 **Enclosures,** spaces fenced round or enclosed.

ENGLISH.

43. Correct the following:—

It is her. We was running to school. He aren't doing it. The winners was me and him. Is these apples good? Are I the first? Who got the prize? Him. He is as rich as her. Him and I often meets. Am't this a nice day? I have never knew a more nicer.

44. THE CRATCHITS' CHRISTMAS DINNER.—I.

Christ'-mas	re-joiced'	sea'-son-a-ble	dis-ap-point'-ed	beg'-gars
as-sist'-ed	gal'-lant-ly	sup-port'-ed	hus'-tled	trem'-bled
mon'-strous	prē'-cious	ram'-pant	crip'-ple	pres'-ent-ly

NOTES AND MEANINGS.

1 **Monstrous,** huge; very large.
Gallantly, splendidly.
6 **Comforter,** a knitted woollen scarf.
6 **Seasonable,** suitable for Christmas time.
7 **Rampant,** prancing.
8 **Hustled,** hurried off with.

ENGLISH.

44. Study the picture on page 1, and write an account of it.

45. THE CRATCHITS' CHRISTMAS DINNER.—II.

gra'-vy	suc-ceed'-ed	suf-fī'-cient	wit'-ness	cir'-cle
sauce'-pan	is'-sued	par-tic'-u-lar	laun'-dress	cus'-tard
vig'-our	ex-cīt'-ed	on'-ion	speck'-led	pro-posed'
sweet'-ened	fla'-vour	ner'-vous	quar'-tern	re-ech'-oed

NOTES AND MEANINGS.

1 **Vigour,** energy; power.
3 **Succeeded,** followed.
Excited, roused up.
4 **Eked out,** added to; made more.
7 **Quartern,** the fourth part of a pint.
9 **Compound,** mixture.
10 **Proposed,** gave as a toast.
Re-echoed, repeated after him.
Charles Dickens (1812-1870), great English novelist. Some of his works are *David Copperfield, Pickwick Papers, Oliver Twist, Nicholas Nickleby.*

ENGLISH.

45. Correct the following:—

I seen the man. He begun the sum. She sung the song. We done it. I should have went if I had knew. I had took the book. He had went when we arrived. I've did my best.

46. THE NAME OF ENGLAND.

trum'-pet	might'-i-er	yeo'-man	bas'-tion
thrill'-ing	ban'-nered	light'-ning	vic-to'-ri-ous

NOTES AND MEANINGS.

1 **Thrilling,** stirring; exciting.
3 **Yore,** long ago; in the olden time.
Crecy's field. The battle of Crecy, in the north of France, was fought in 1346. It was won mainly by the skill of the English archers.
Yeoman, farmer farming his own small estate.
5 **Bastion,** bulwark; a building of earth or stone at the angle of a fortress.
6 **Felicia Dorothea Hemans** (1794–1835), a well-known English poetess. Her poems are sweet, natural, and pleasing. Amongst them are *The Better Land* and *The Homes of England.*

ENGLISH.

46. Copy the exercise below, filling in each blank with a suitable "helping" Verb:—

He — seeing the town. They — seen the picture. Thou — going hence, my brother. He — gone home. We — growing potatoes in our field. They — grown much taller. You — taking your time. John — taken the first prize. Thou — beginning thy task. You — begun your work. The girls — singing. The lady — sung her song. He — doing nothing. I — done the deed.

---

47. THE ENEMY.

hos'-tile	li'-quors	ar-rest'	con-veyed'
threat'-ened	temp-ta'-tion	pos-ses'-sion	gal'-loped
for'-eign	as-sured'	re-lieve'	in-dul'-gence
in-tox'-i-cāt-ing	ware'-house	op'-po-site	al'-co-hol

NOTES AND MEANINGS.

1 **Hostile,** unfriendly; belonging to an enemy.
2 **American Civil War.** This war began in 1861, between the Northern and Southern States of North America. The Northern States wished to do away entirely and at once with negro slavery. The Southern States were not in favour of this. War ended in 1865, in the complete triumph of the North.
2 **Jackson, Thomas Jonathan** (1824–1863), better known as "Stonewall" Jackson, was one of the generals in the Confederate or Southern States army.
3 **Intoxicating,** causing drunkenness.

3 **Resist the temptation,** put aside the desire.
6 **Arrest me,** make me prisoner.
7 **Staff,** officers who manage the affairs of a regiment or an army as a whole.
10 **Squad,** small party of soldiers.
13 **Over-indulgence,** drinking too much.
14 **Alcohol,** the poisonous spirit in intoxicating liquors.

ENGLISH.

47. Study the picture on page 171, and write an account of it.

48. DOWN THE LANE AND BACK AGAIN.—I.

mur'-mured	man-u-fac'-tur-ing	pro-duced'	sta'-mens
mar'-i-golds	source	sov'-er-eign	nu'-mer-ous
re-peat'-ed	ex-cit'-ed-ly	pet'-als	cel'-an-dine
con-ver-sa'-tion	fum'-bled	se'-pals	lec'-ture
stroll'-ing	rea'-son-er	wrap'-pings	con-clu'-sion

NOTES AND MEANINGS.

3 **Manufacturing city,** city in which there are large works for making various articles.
Were a source of, gave rise to.
5 **Excitedly,** in an excited or stirred-up manner.
7 **Fumbled,** felt about with his hand.
Reasoner, one who draws a truth from some other truth
8 **Petals,** flower-leaves.
11 **Stamens,** thread-like stalks set round the centre of a flower.
13 **Lecture,** speech meant to teach the hearers of it.
Conclusion, finishing; bringing his talk to an end.

ENGLISH.

48. Make a list of the Adjectives in the following exercise:—

A large tree stood in the green field. The old crow sat on the tall tree. Twenty sheep were lost in the deep snow. The good man gave lazy John a large apple. The dirty boy stands on the clean floor. The beautiful, large black cat lay on the warm rug. The gray horse draws the heavy load.

49. DOWN THE LANE AND BACK AGAIN.—II.

de-cid'-ed	dis-tin'-guish	ap-proach'	pro-dūç'-ing
re-main'-der	dis-cov'-er-ies	hor-i'-zon	trow'-el
sug-ges'-tion	ex-cite'-ment	cor-rect'-ly	po-ta'-toes
cu-ri-os'-i-ty	car'-pels	pen'-knife	prompt'-ly

NOTES AND MEANINGS.

1 **Decided,** settled.
2 **Suggestion,** proposal; idea.
Curiosity, desire to know unknown things.
9 **Horizon,** the line or circle bounding the view; where earth and sky seem to meet.
13 **Presently,** shortly; soon.
Producing, bringing forth.
Trowel, a gardener's tool for lifting plants and soil.
14 **Promptly,** readily; at once.

ENGLISH.

49. Insert suitable Adjectives:—

We passed — carts on the — road. The — boy lost his — pencil. The — wind blew down — trees. John lives in the — house in the — street. In the — shipwreck — lives were lost. — soldiers were killed in the — battle. A — house needs — furniture. John broke his — toy. Boys love — toys. His — son is a — doctor; his — daughter is at school. The — girl loves a — doll. How — apples did the — boy get? This is the — day of the week, the — of the month, and the — of the year.

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50. DOWN THE LANE AND BACK AGAIN.—III.

in-clined′	hor-i-zon′tal	a-mūs′ing	ac′cu-rate	cap′i-tal
glis′tened	ran-un′cu-lus	per-ceive′	strag′gling	re-sume′
ad-mi-ra′tion	bulb′ous	spec′i-men	poi′son-ous	in-struc′tor

NOTES AND MEANINGS.

1 **Inclined,** disposed; showed a desire.
3 **Admiration for,** wonder and delight in the powers of.
Artist, one who practises one of the fine arts, as painting, music, etc.
7 **Perceive,** observe; notice.
8 **Specimen,** sample one.
Perfectly accurate, exact in every respect.
9 **Capital,** very good; first-class.
11 **Resume,** begin again.
Instructor, teacher.

ENGLISH.

50. Study the picture on page 87, and write an account of it.

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51. TO THE LESSER CELANDINE.

vi′o-lets	un-as-sūm′ing	flār′ing	world′lings
prod′i-gal	neigh′bour-hood	mien	hum′ble

NOTES AND MEANINGS.

2 **Prodigal**, spendthrift; one who spends more than he needs or can afford.
3 **Comfort...merit**, soothe yourself with the knowledge that you deserve to be well thought of.
Unassuming, modest: not pushing oneself forward.
Mean, poor; unworthy.
4 **Befall**, happen to.
Children of the flaring hours, the buttercups, which do not, as the celandines, come in the first fresh days of spring, but in the hot, bright days of summer.
Lofty mien, haughty bearing.
Worldlings, those wholly given up to the things of this world.

ENGLISH.

51. Write down the three degrees of comparison of—

Calm, loud, lofty, splendid, sweet, strong, beautiful, bright, warm, deep, hard, excellent, large, clear, young, handsome, yellow, early.

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52. ART AND ARTISTS.—I.

fan'-cied	spar'-rows	shad'-ow	pat'-tern	skil'-ful
ship'-wrecked	im'-i-tāt-ing	re-flec'-tion	in-tend'-ed	sculp-tors
des'-o-late	con'-tra-ry	trou'-sers	stat'-ue	mu-si'-cians

NOTES AND MEANINGS.

1 **Desolate**, solitary; with no one living on it.
3 **Fowling-piece**, gun for shooting birds.
7 **To the contrary**, against it.
Reflection, likeness given back by a mirror.
8 **Imitate**, copy.
9 **Statue**, a figure cut in stone or cast in metal.
13 **Sculptors**, persons who carve figures in wood, stone, etc.
Musicians, persons who write or perform music.

ENGLISH.

52. Study the picture on page 198, and write an account of it.

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53. ART AND ARTISTS.—II.

prof'-it	se'-ri-ous	chords	u-ni-ver'-sal
pos'-si-ble	mel'-o-dies	rhyme	lan'-guage
ar-tis'-tic	har'-mo-nies	af-fect'-ed	knowl'-edge

NOTES AND MEANINGS.

4 **Chords,** mingling of sounds.
Affects, acts upon.
6 **Universal language,** language understood by all people.

ENGLISH.

53. Make three columns—the first for the Positive Degree, the second for the Comparative, and the third for the Superlative. Place each of the following in its right column:—

less	next	lovelier	far
late	former	more grateful	more precious
most difficult	elder	earlier	worse
sweeter	farthest	most beautiful	pretty
oldest	much	upmost	supreme

54. THE INSPIRATION.

in-spi-ra'-tion	e'-ven-ing	dam'-sel	mar'-ble
slōp'-ing	paint'-er	zone	col'-our

NOTES AND MEANINGS.

1 **Sloping,** sinking gradually.
3 **Zone,** girdle; belt.

ENGLISH.

54. Study the picture on page 99, and write an account of it.

55. HOW TOM AND ELLEN KEPT HOUSE.—I.

ad-dressed'	dis-cuss'	ig'-no-rant	prop'-ping	puz'-zled
se'-ri-ous-ly	ar-range'-ments	man'-a-ging	fa'-mous-ly	sat'-is-fied
pros'-pect	scut'-tle	pre-par'-a-to-ry	de-cīd'-ed	crest'-fall-en

NOTES AND MEANINGS.

1 **Seriously,** dangerously.
2 **Prospect,** thought of what was before them.
Discuss, talk over.
4 **Preparatory to,** to be ready for.
6 **Famously,** splendidly.
11 **Crestfallen,** cast down; dispirited.

ENGLISH.

55. Study the picture on page 204, and write an account of it

56. HOW TOM AND ELLEN KEPT HOUSE. II.

scorn'-ful-ly	mopped	fu'-ri-ous-ly	po-ta'-to
tum-bling	fore-head	rue'-ful-ly	mod'-er-ate-ly
rap'-id-ly	hand'-ker-chief	ex-traor'-di-na-ry	dis-con'-so-late
ac'-ci-dent	bub'-bling	guessed	o-pin'-ion

NOTES AND MEANINGS.

5 **Furiously,** very angrily.
6 **Ruefully,** sorrowfully.
7 **Extraordinary,** out of the common; unusual; strange.
11 **Disconsolate,** comfortless; cheerless.

ENGLISH.

56. Insert suitable Adverbs:—

How the crops are growing! The steamer is going —. The sun — shines —. The clouds — disappeared. The officer went — and brought — the prisoner. The mist — cleared —. The pigeon flew — from the tower to its house. I am — grieved to hear of your misfortune. Will you begin —? The farmer ploughed the field —. Once, —, —, and off you go! The baker called — a few minutes ago. — he is crossing the bridge. The councillors walked — and the aldermen —. The men climbed — to the top of the tower, but the ladies remained —.

57. THE HERITAGE.

her'-i-tage	mus'-cles	pa'-tience	fra'-grant
in-her'-its	sin'-ew-y	wea'-ri-ness	be-nign'

NOTES AND MEANINGS.

Heritage, that which is received at the death of a father or some other relative.
2 **Muscles,** fleshy parts of the body able to contract and expand, and so move the bones.
Sinewy, tough; firm.
Hold in fee. The poet is thinking of lands as the inheritance. When a person has lands of his own, to do as he pleases with, he is sometimes said to hold them "in fee."
3 **Charity,** the love and tenderness which men should have for their fellows.
5 **Fragrant,** sweet; delightful (to the smell).
Benign, kind; gracious.
6 **Six feet of sod,** a grave.
Prove title, show that you really have a right.
Record, showing an account.
James Russell Lowell (1819–1891), a great American poet. The *Biglow Papers* is his greatest work.

ENGLISH.

57. Correct the following:—

How pretty Mary speaks. It is done shocking. He painted it beautiful. He done it grand. Run quick. Tell him to go slow. He has very near finished his work.

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58. THE STORY OF CORDELIA.—I.

fa-tigues′	lib′-er-ty	dis-gust′-ed	re-served′
gov′-ern-ment	be-stowed′	flat′-ter-y	e′-qual-ly
de-ter′-mined	am′-ple	do-min′-ions	court′-i-ers
man′-age-ment	com-par′-i-son	măj′-es-ty	re-tain′-ing
pro-por′-tions	as-sūr′-an-ces	en-raged′	at-tend′-ants
af-fec′-tion	ex-pres′-sions	mon′-arch	main-tained′

NOTES AND MEANINGS.

1 **Albany,** an ancient name of Scotland.
Burgundy, a province in the north-east of France.
2 **Fatigues,** wearisome labours.
3 **With this intent,** for this purpose.
Proportions, shares.
Affection, love.
4 **Ample,** large; extensive.
6 **Handsome assurances,** fine pledges of affection.
7 **Expressions,** statements.
Favoured, treated specially well.
8 **Wheedle,** coax and flatter.
Dominions, lands under his rule.
9 **Mar,** injure.
Given her breeding, brought her up.
11 **Reserved,** set aside.
12 **Retaining,** keeping back.
Maintained, lodged and fed.

ENGLISH.

58. Study the picture on page 215, and write an account of it.

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59. THE STORY OF CORDELIA.—II.

a-ston′-ish-ment	hol′-low-ness	vir′-tues	dis-guise′
in-ter-fere′	ban′-ished	dow′-ry	ad-vīs′-ing
de-sist′	prep-a-ra′-tions	per-form′-an-ces	in-quir′-y
si′-lenced	de-part′-ure	in-con-ve′-ni-ent	trav′-el-ling
judg′-ment	per-sist′	un-du′-ti-ful	in-sist′-ed

NOTES AND MEANINGS.

1 **Interfere,** take part in the affair.
Desist, stop; leave off.
3 **Banished,** exiled; sent out of the country.

4 **Persist in**, go on with.
Dowry, the property which a woman brings to her husband at marriage.
5 **Performances**, acts; deeds.
8 **Undutiful demand**, a claim that a daughter ought not to make of her father.
9 **In disguise**, dressed so as not to be known.
10 **Insisted**, held firmly to his demand.

ENGLISH.

59. Link the following pairs of sentences together by the use of Conjunctions:—

1. The girl was frightened. She ran away. 2. The minster clock has just struck two. Yonder is the moon. 3. He travelled all night. He did not know the way. 4. You must go. You will be punished. 5. The father wept. His son was dead. 6. I cannot obey. You are wrong. 7. John laughed. Mary cried. 8. The horse drew the cart. The man sat on it. 9. The king went away. The queen remained. 10. She must weep. She will die.

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60. THE STORY OF CORDELIA.—III.

ex-cused′	un-shel′-tered	guard′-i-ans	a-shamed′
ex-ceed′	em-barked′	pit′i-a-ble	as-sist′-ance
in-grat′-i-tude	ill-ūs′-age	im-pa′-tient-ly	per′ished
un-set′-tled	sub-due′	re-ceiv′-ing	mis′-er-ab-ly

NOTES AND MEANINGS.

3 **Exceed**, go beyond.
Ingratitude, thanklessness.
Wits, mind.
4 **Exposed**, without any cover or shelter, and open.
4 **Embarked**, went on board a ship.
5 **Besought**, begged.
Subdue, overcome.
6 **Pitiable**, most sorrowful.

ENGLISH.

60. Study the picture on page 223, and write an account of it.

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61. BLOW, BLOW, THOU WINTER WIND.

heigh′-ho	feign′-ing	ben′-e-fits	re-mem′-bered

NOTES AND MEANINGS.

1 **Holly**, an evergreen tree with clusters of red berries.
1 **Feigning**, pretending.
2 **Nigh**, closely; sharply.

2 Benefits, acts of kindness.
Warp, change from water into ice.
"As You Like It." This is one of Shakespeare's comedies, or plays of a light and amusing kind. It tells the story of a duke who was driven from his dominions by his elder brother, and forced to dwell in the Forest of Arden as an outlaw. One of the lords who joined the banished duke sang this song.

ENGLISH.

61. Study the picture on page 93, and write an account of it.

THE END.

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